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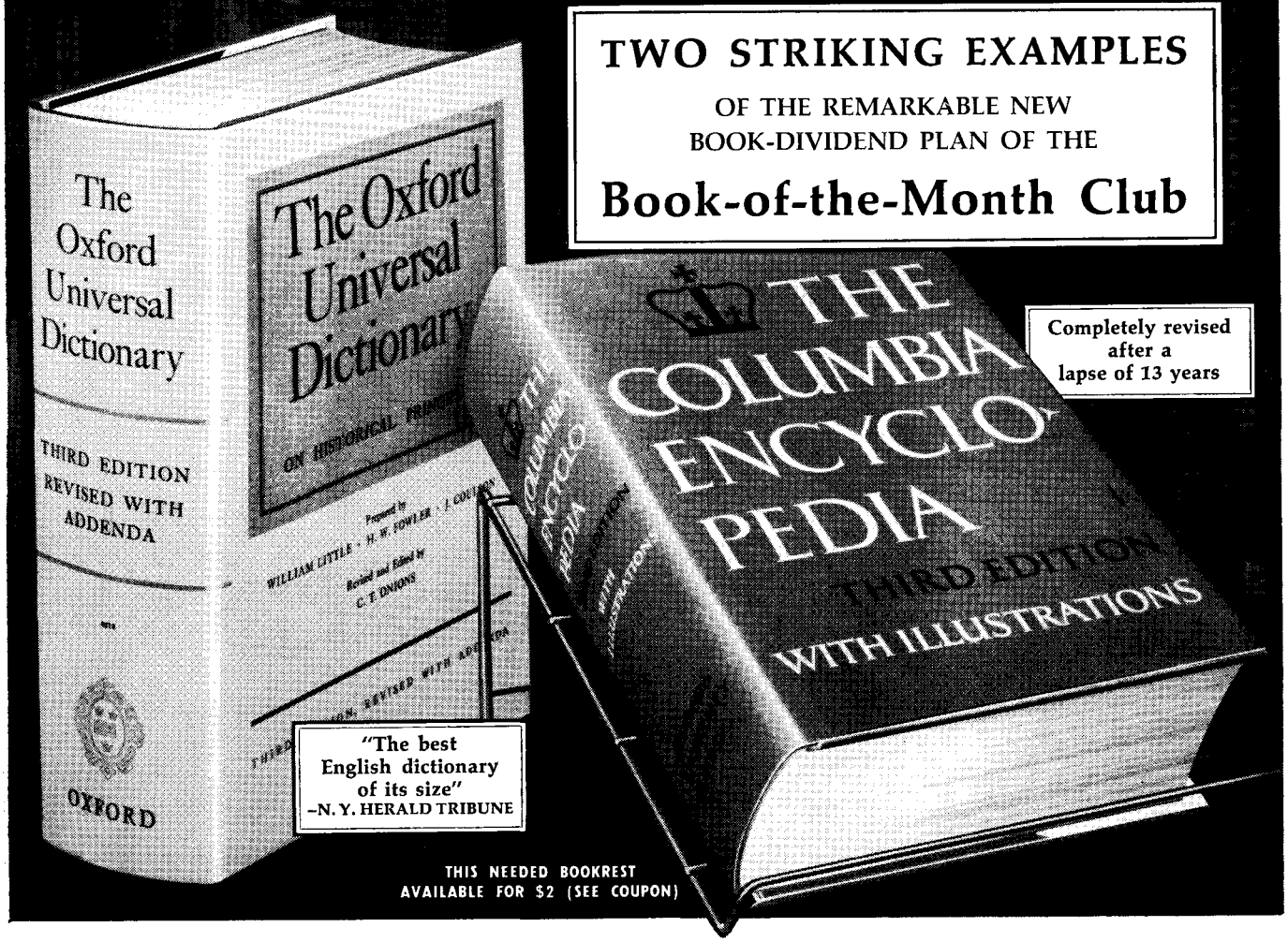

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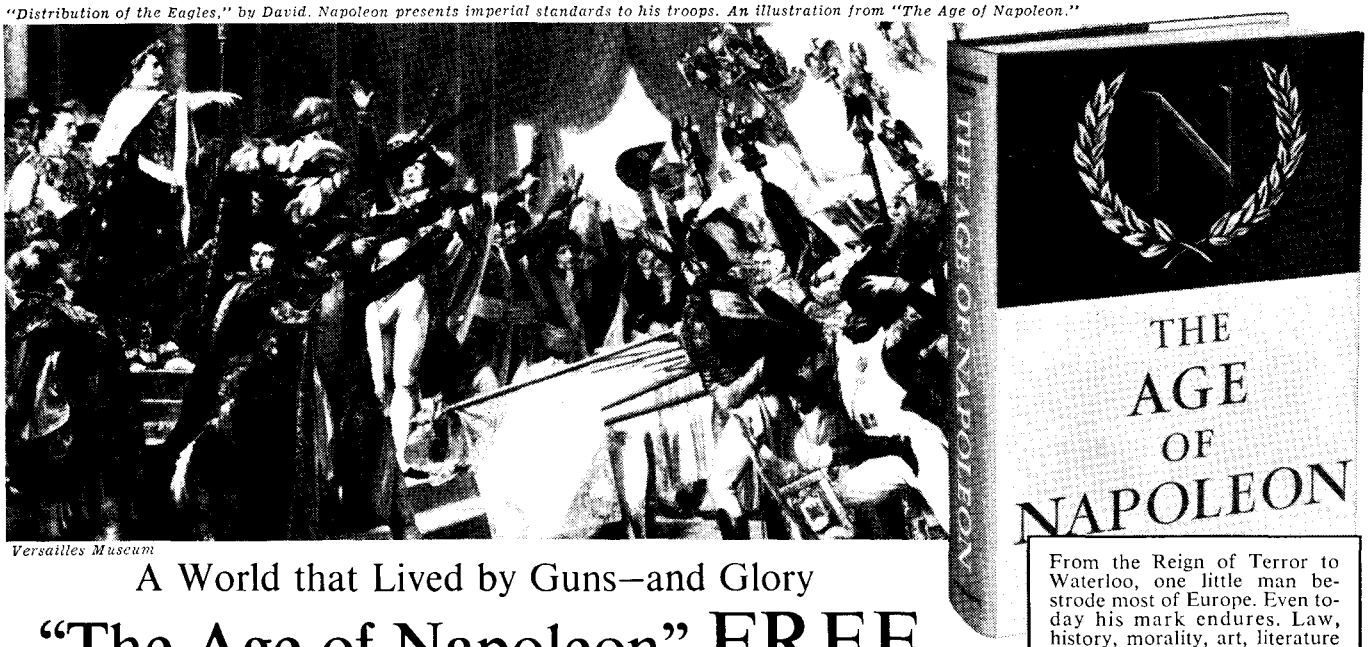

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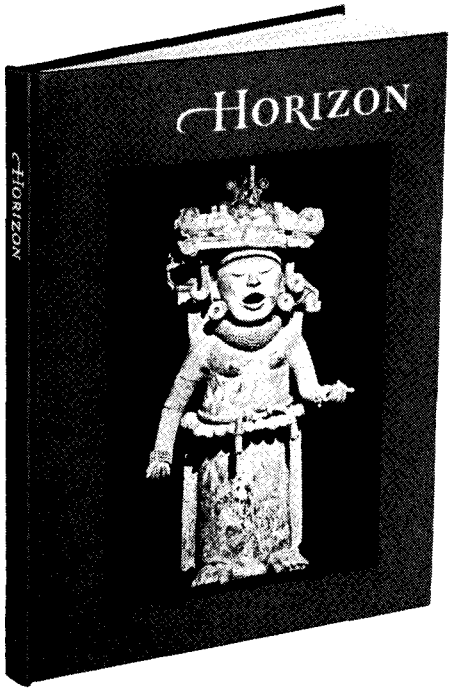

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Take the Summer 1964 issue: its features range from Cleveland Amory's awed profile of that great trencherman, Diamond Jim Brady, to Edmund Stillman's reflective walk through the streets of Sarajevo fifty years after Franz Ferdinand's assassination (a seven-page picture portfolio accompanies Stillman's article).

In between, a distinguished English visitor, Mervyn Jones, tastes Red China's sweet-and-sour blend of Marxism, modern science, and ancient tradition. J. Christopher Herold explores the brilliant, neurotic, prophetic mind of Jean Jacques Rousseau. C. V. Wedgwood vividly recounts the execution of King Charles I.

Compton Mackenzie takes a personal and partisan view of Charles Dickens. It's the latest in HORIZON's series on great English novelists; we predict you'll react strongly to it one way or another. And there's a lively and well-documented attack on the city-choking cult of the automobile by Victor Gruen.

As in every HORIZON, there's much to see. John Canaday's documentation of the genius of Albrecht Dürer is accompanied by 22 Dürer reproductions, many in color. There's a 21-page adventure in pre-Columbian archaeology, richly illustrated with treasures from the lost civilizations of Central and South America. All in all, there are 100 or so illustrations.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN THIS ANXIOUS pause between the two conventions, **Max Ascoli** appraises the Goldwater candidacy as a fateful turning point for the Republican Party, the two-party system, and the nation. . . . It was the happy people behind Goldwater whom **Marya Mannes** watched with greatest fascination at the Cow Palace, and she has brought back a disturbing report on a difference that is more than political between the Goldwaterites and sizable segments of the nation they claim they want to save. Her latest book is *But Will It Sell?* (Lippincott). . . . One of the most difficult questions to be resolved at the Democratic convention in Atlantic City is which of two contending delegations from Mississippi should be seated. The background of this controversy, which involves not only Goldwater's chances in the South but also the rising political power of Southern Negroes, is provided by **Reese Cleghorn,** associate editor of the Atlanta *Journal.* . . . One vexing problem that faces both parties as the campaign warms up is money. **Walter Pincus,** a special writer for the Washington *Evening Star,* offers a descriptive financial report.

NO PRINCIPLE is more tenaciously maintained by the member nations of the Organization of American States than nonintervention. Carried to extremes, the principle has been invoked to justify the reluctance of many states to take collective action against disturbers of the hemispheric peace, and it has seemed a chronic vice weakening the inter-American system. It is particularly satisfying, therefore, to note the firmness and near-unanimity of the OAS resolution condemning Cuban subversion in Venezuela and ordering sanctions against the Castro régime. **Romulo Betancourt's** unflagging devotion to the cause of democracy when he was president of Venezuela made him the target of attacks from both Right and Left. His victory, described in his own story, serves as a stirring example to other nations undergoing the same contest between totalitarian and democratic forces. . . . Another seasoned campaigner, President de Gaulle, has managed to hit Moscow, Bonn, and Washington with one blow. **Edmond Taylor** reports on the success of French negotiations with Romania and other maneuvers calculated to widen divisions between the Soviet Union and its Eastern European satellites. . . . **Pat Watters,** a member of the Southern Regional Council staff in Atlanta, describes how many areas of the South are learning to live with the civil-rights law. . . . **John J. Farmer,** state capitol bureau chief of the Newark, New Jersey, *Evening News,* relates the decline of a Northern metropolis, Jersey City. . . . **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who travels widely in Southeast Asia, sees the build-up of Vietcong forces in Vietnam as the beginning of a Communist campaign drive for a quick finish of the war before the multiple military-diplomatic methods of U.S. Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor can take effect.

VISITING all the religious pavilions at the New York World's Fair turned out to be a five-day ordeal for **Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht,** a free-lance writer whose children's guide to such expositions, *Let's Go to A World's Fair,* was published this year by Putnam's. . . . **Fernando Krahn** is our Chilean commentator. . . . Describing the training of student civil-rights workers in Mississippi this summer, the New York *Times* characterized the trainees as having a common interest in the plight of the American Negro and in folk singing. The traditional connection between social protest and "musical editorializing" is examined by **Nat Hentoff,** whose most recent book is *The New Equality* (Viking). . . . **Alfred Kazin's** latest book is *Contemporaries* (Little, Brown). . . . This is the fifth appearance in our pages for **Charles Edward Eaton,** whose latest book is *Countermoves* (Abelard). . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer.

Our cover is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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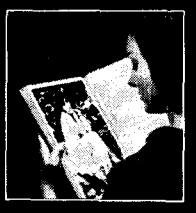

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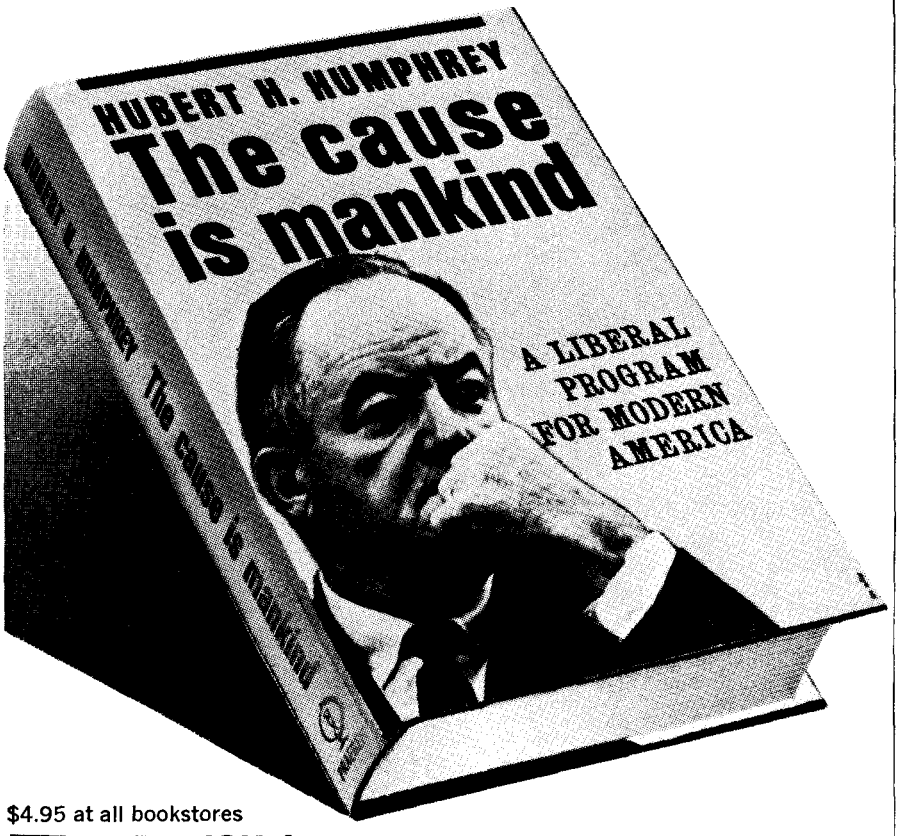

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To the Editor: Much has been written and conjectured on the problem of enforcing what is now the law of the land, namely civil rights. None has been more succinct, incisive, and to the point than your editorial in the July 16 issue ("And Now Enforcement"). May we constantly re-examine our thoughts in the temper of your suggestion in order to bring about a humanistic attitude of thought and action towards our fellow man regardless of color.

RUTH V. GORDON
Needham, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I read your editorial "And Now Enforcement" with appreciation. As you suggest, ethical renewal is a must. However, I disagree with your last paragraph, in which you wrote: "For the ethical renewal that is demanded of the country, it would have been more appropriate to have saints as a source of inspiration and guidance rather than politicians. But lacking saints, these politicians . . . have given us the example and are entitled to our gratitude and obedience." To be sure, "saints" are precious few in number, but "saints" there are—Martin Luther King, Jr., is one, and others include the countless dedicated unknown who are "seeking to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God." These persons have also inspired men and offer reliable guidance toward reconciliation and peace. Our thanks to them as well as to the politicians.

THE REV. CLIFTON KERR
Columbia, Missouri

SOVIET REALITY

To the Editor: I deeply appreciate George Bailey's fascinating article "Religion in the Soviet Union" (*The Reporter*, July 16). The usual reports we have received in this country have been colored with emotional bias. Mr. Bailey's account is both plausible and accurate, and is easily the best statement I have seen on the subject.

DR. CHARLES A. SAYRE
First Methodist Church
Asbury Park, New Jersey

To the Editor: I am puzzled by a detail in Mr. Bailey's most informative article in which he affirms that "To implement his theory of Socialist Realism, Lenin insisted that literature and the arts become partisan, 'an integral part of the organized, systematic . . . party work.' "

Lenin could not possibly have had a "theory of Socialist Realism," because that theory was propounded eight years after his death. In his article "Party Organization and Party Literature" (*Novaya Zhizn*, Number 12, 1905), Lenin did indeed state that "All Party literature, local and central, must be absolutely subservient to the Party Congress and to the relevant central or

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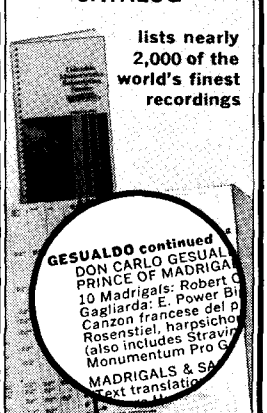

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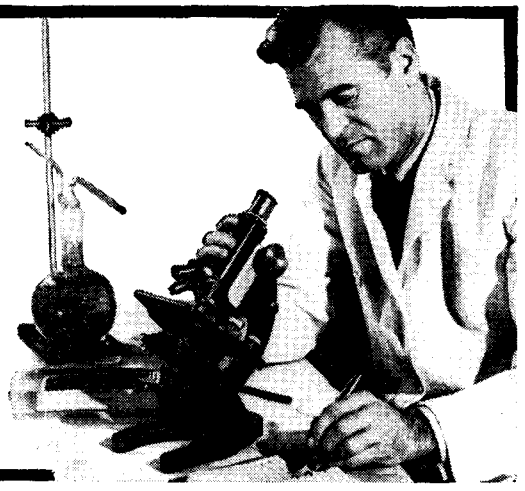

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local Party organization." But it seems clear that Lenin was referring to the polemics of "party literature" in particular, and not to Russian literature in general. After all, 1905 was the year of the first Russian Revolution, and Lenin undoubtedly had in mind articles and works by members of the Bolshevik section of the Russian Social Democratic Party. Nowhere then or later did Lenin discuss "Socialist Realism" as a theory of literature. The term was first used publicly in a resolution of the central committee of the All-Russian Communist Party on April 23, 1932. Therefore it was Stalin, not Lenin, who endorsed the term "Socialist Realism" and applied it in a more general sense to organize, direct, praise, and punish Soviet writers, as well as to help promote "party policies" and the "cult of personality."

Lenin's 1905 article, together with his scattered references to Tolstoy, Gorky, and other writers, has certainly been used to bolster "Socialist Realism"; but Lenin cannot be held directly responsible, as Mr. Bailey seems to suggest, either for this theory or its later applications.

GEORGE REAVEY
New York City

ORTHODOX DISSENT

To the Editor: I would like to correct a statistical error in the correspondence columns of your issue of July 2, where Rabbi Manuel M. Poliakoff writes, "the vast majority of observant Orthodox Jews are for prayers in the schools." I believe he is mistaken. As an observant Orthodox Jew who has some information about the feelings of people who are like-minded with me, I doubt very much the accuracy of this statement. Like many other Americans who are religious, we do not feel that throwing a sop to some public outcry is the answer to instilling a reverent attitude in the hearts of public-school children.

RABBI MANUEL LADERMAN
Denver

CALIFORNIA BACKLASH

To the Editor: In his informative article "How Goldwater Won in California" (*The Reporter*, July 2), Bill Stout writes about ". . . a referendum on the state's controversial fair housing law. . . ." Mr. Stout seems to be a victim of an all too common misconception. The measure to which he refers (now known as Proposition 14) would, if passed, have much more bizarre effects than simply nullifying our new fair housing law (the Rumford Act). It is a radical constitutional amendment which would not only nullify our three fair housing laws but prohibit the state from passing any new ones. It would also prevent counties or cities from passing fair housing legislation.

By preventing fair housing laws, the measure would, in effect, write housing segregation into the state constitution. Some legal authorities feel that, in allow-

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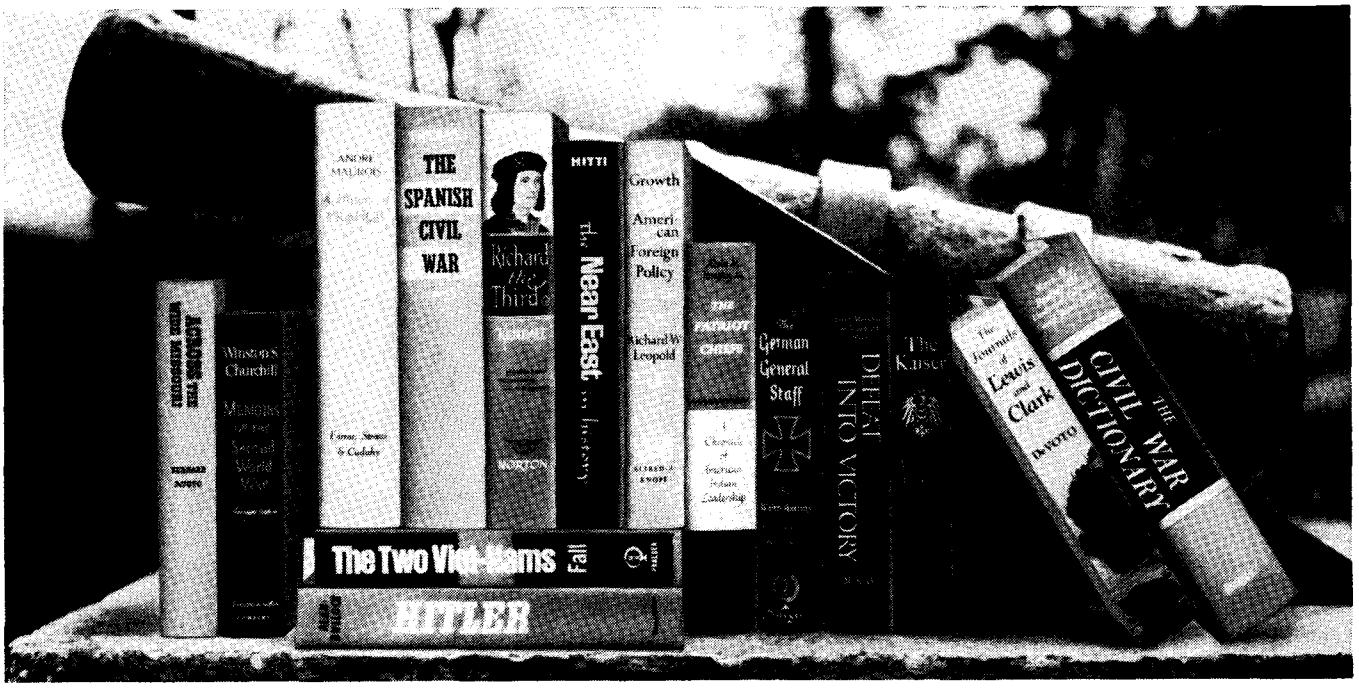

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Although the Los Angeles Urban League feels that the Rumford Act is an effective piece of legislation, there are many Californians who do not like this law but are repelled by the pro-

posed amendment. They feel the amendment is too radical, and that if the law needs revision (or even repealing), such steps should be taken by the state legislature.

Incidentally, many observers feel that the fair housing law in Berkeley failed not because the residents opposed these kinds of laws but because the proposed legislation included provisions making violation of fair housing practices a crime. The Rumford Act has no such provisions, and there were many persons, including the mayor of Berkeley, who favored the Rumford Act but opposed Berkeley's law.

Wesley R. Brazier
Executive Director
Los Angeles Urban League

To the Editor: As one who participated in the California primary as a political interviewer, speaking to people in precincts all over Los Angeles County and in San Diego and Riverside as well, I must take issue with Bill Stout's analysis of that primary. Although I agree that the vote for Goldwater was not one of fanaticism (it is unlikely that there are 1,089,892 extremists even in Southern California), I disagree with Mr. Stout's belief that it was based mainly on a "white backlash" of Southern California's suburban voters. It is a rather unsophisticated analysis which notes that because Los Angeles' Negro areas went heavily for Rockefeller and the white suburbs gave Goldwater a handy majority, the whites were voting on the civil-rights issue. This may very well have been the case for the Negro voters, who for obvious reasons would be more conscious of Goldwater's stand on civil rights. However, it does not necessarily follow, and my experiences indicate that it did not, that suburban whites voted on the basis of the "backlash."

Most voters were forced to choose between two candidates they disliked. Many, if not most, of these suburbanites were more taken with Goldwater's stand

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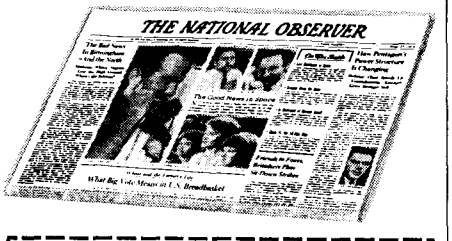

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on economic issues than with his view toward the Negro, or at least his attitude toward civil-rights legislation. (In fact, there seemed to be some confusion as to where the two candidates stood on the issue.) These people were not worried about economic competition with Negroes, nor were they fearful of a mass migration of Negroes into their high-priced neighborhoods. Goldwater's propensity toward curtailment of foreign aid, his call for budget balancing, his advocacy of less Federal control, his attitude toward the nation's tax structure, all appealed to Southern California's growing army of risk-taking entrepreneurs (who live in the suburbs); his fiscal soundness appealed to older, well-heeled, property-owning suburbanites who live off savings and therefore fear too much spending, large government deficits, and inflation.

To make a bad pun, Mr. Stout sees things too much in black and white.

BRUCE M. STAVE
University of Pittsburgh

ANOTHER VOTE ON CLOTURE

To the Editor: I found Elizabeth Brenner Drew's article "The Politics of Cloture" (*The Reporter*, July 16) to be a perceptive and essentially accurate description of this historic struggle. I believe it helped clarify the record in a number of important respects, and *The Reporter* and Mrs. Drew should be complimented for digging out these often elusive facts.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
U.S. Senate

SLUMS AND SCHOOLS

To the Editor: The article by Barbara Carter in the July 2 issue regarding segregation in New York schools was a needed corrective to the emotion-packed articles to be found on this problem in all parts of the country. The Allen Report begins to fill a crying need for a true evaluation of the *de facto* integration problem and an appraisal of the solutions that have been offered.

From their conclusion that it is impossible to significantly integrate schools where slums and ghettos cause such a sharp segregation, the only logical and sensible step for us to take should be against these slum areas. To date, private and government measures taken in this direction have proved woefully inadequate. They will continue to be ineffective as long as our present tax structure gives preferential treatment to land speculators and slumlords whose fortunes are made at the expense of the vast majority of the working population and of the millions of tenants in substandard housing.

It would be fitting for New York City to follow the Allen Report with a meaningful effort to help the underprivileged minorities who would derive an immediate and a lasting benefit from such a "war on poverty."

WILLIAM J. FILANTE, M.D.
San Rafael, California

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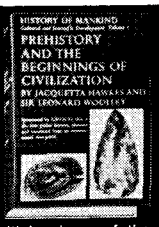

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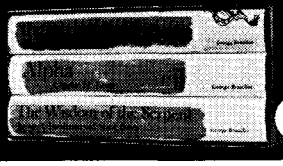

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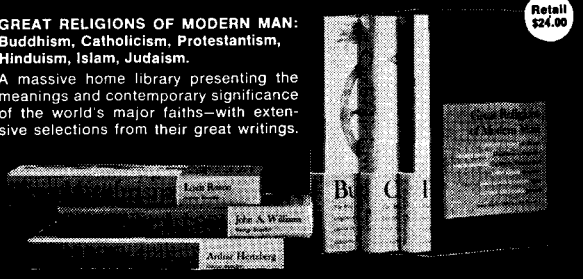

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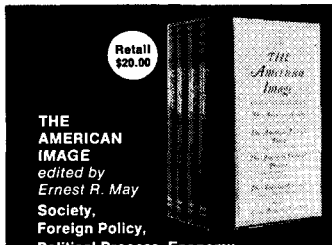

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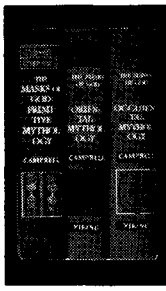

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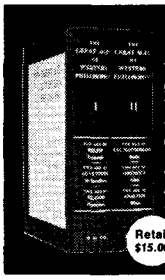

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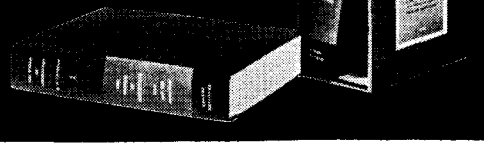

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 107

by HENRY ALLEN

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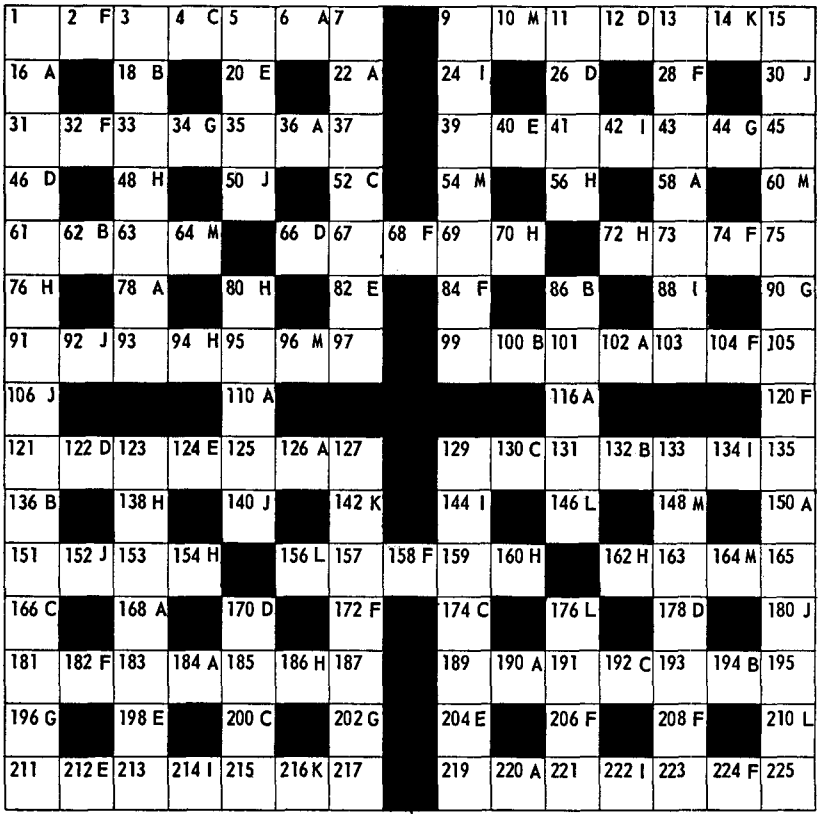
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 6 22 220 150 184 116 168 190 16 110 78 58 102 36 126 The Acrostician is a prominent this (7,8).

B 86 18 62 132 136 100 194 A small iceberg.

C 130 4 192 200 52 174 166 "And dip their _____ in his sacred blood." Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

D 122 178 46 66 12 170 26 Arabian Nights hero (3,4).

E 204 20 124 82 40 198 212 Father of two of the Apostles.

F 2 208 68 74 32 182 206 120 172 158 84 28 224 104 With a high degree of faith (2,7,5).

G 196 44 202 90 34 "I _____, therefore I can." Attributed to Kant.

H 154 76 70 138 186 48 72 80 56 162 160 94 State of the world, according to S. C. Foster (3,3,6).

I 222 134 214 42 88 144 24 To attack vehemently in words.

J 152 106 30 50 180 92 140 Supporter of a famous archbishop (4,3).

K 142 216 14 Fragment of food.

L 210 156 146 176 Space agency.

M 64 10 96 54 60 164 148 An old-fashioned hearing aid (rare).

ACROSS

1. The Faëry Queen ain't it a bit!
9. Italian port said to be a Canadian city.
31. In favor of the trial? No. I object!
39. Get cued to a kind of rim slice (4,3).
61. Such a standard may be cryptic.
66. With 129 across, title of a principal work of the Acrostician (5,3,4).
72. Can't hear? Fade away.
91. With any lard, pull this to fire.
99. Kind of corpus for lawyers and Sherlocks.
121. Kind of palace suitable for the lamb.
129. See 66 across.
151. Eskimo knives found in Zulu stockades.
156. A rich family roast.
162. Scene of Napoleon's defeat with care.
181. Heroine of The Conscious Lovers is in a state!
189. Inside a church tower to fill one with zeal.
211. Insect wing lines run ever this way.
219. A sea site is the least difficult to find.

DOWN

1. Reference to date or a dated reference? (7,8).
3. Kind of ways where Lucy did not dwell.
5. Does one require Eden?
7. Dressed, but not down.
9. Street in Portsmouth, England, is no soft way, it seems (3,4).
11. Anger? Almost, but more so, curiously enough.
13. Kind of acid for my uncle, I see.
15. What the weather man or the alchemist may be (3,2,3,7).
80. Negative Poe bird will 11 down at first.
86. Makes one happy with flowers.
123. Wander idly with mother below.
127. The party giver has years and is a captive too!
129. Let Zoë gain, but she will suffer.
133. Lean and tend toward it.
170. Russian city of Rimba Kurds.
176. Enzymes found in all Seven Seas.

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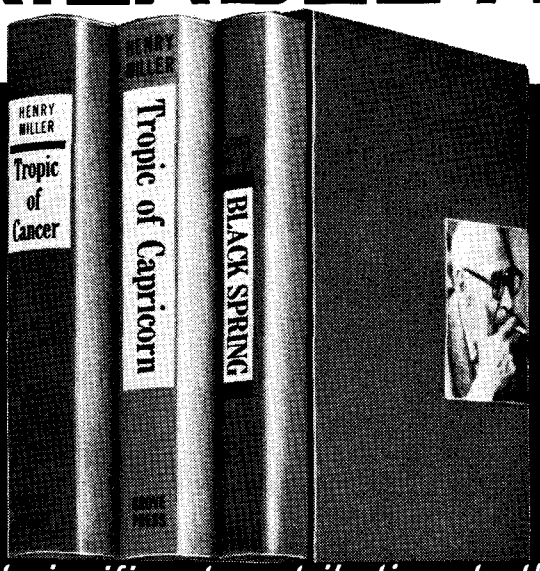

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Visit to Rochester

It was the first day after the curfew was lifted. A penciled note on the door of the mayor's office read, "Out to lunch. Back at 2:30." But Frank Lamb, the mayor of Rochester, though interrupted while eating a corned-beef sandwich alone at his desk, was pleasant.

"I had no idea that trouble like this was going to break out," he said of the race riot that had swept through his city. Hadn't there been talk of trouble brewing? He shook his head. How could there be, he seemed to say, as he explained how good a city Rochester was. It spent the most per capita on education, he said, of the top 131 cities. Its unemployment rate, he claimed, was only two per cent. "We got the most modern playground in the United States," he said, "and where did we put it? Right in the heart of one of the Negro sections." The head of the local NAACP ("that bunch of creeps") had not even introduced himself to the mayor until after the riot.

But hadn't the Negro county supervisors of the two wards where most of the rioting took place been warning him of the mounting tension? "I had no phone calls from those two," he said. "They never phoned or made an appointment."

"Phone?" asked Constance Mitchell, supervisor from one of the two wards. "Why would I? I've been seeing him in person." She said she had been telling city officials, Youth Board members, and settlement-house directors of the hostility building up "especially during the past year" in her community—hostility against the "system," against the police, against overcrowding and spreading blight. Negro migrants have been coming into Rochester at the rate of a thousand a year. The Negro population has jumped more than two hundred per cent since 1950, and there are now some 32,000 in a city of about 300,000. The figures on migrants are estimates; no one really knows how many Negroes there are, and consequently no one really knows how many unemployed there are. But in the Negro wards, the telltale signs of overcrowding and unemployment—additional mailboxes jumbled around the doors of the frame duplexes and men at home—are hard to miss.

Mrs. Mitchell, of course, wasn't the only one to sound the alarm. Another was Dr. Arthur L. Whitaker, a Negro minister who teaches sociology at the University of Rochester. He repeatedly warned that "something tragic" was going to happen. "I said it to the rehabilitation commission, to the city council, to the police advisory board, to social agencies, to the Rotary clubs, to the churches where I've been invited to speak, and to the mayor, both when he was a councilman and in the seven months he's been mayor." Dr. Whitaker is by no means convinced that the city fathers understand things yet.

There are many ways of not facing what happened. It was claimed, for instance, that most of the rioters were juvenile delinquents, but analysis showed that the average age of those arrested was twenty-nine. Mayor Lamb, who prefers not to call the violence a race riot because whites were arrested too, holds to the hoodlum theory. "The majority of those arrested had criminal records," he insisted. Yet a police check of nearly three-fourths of those arrested showed no previous record.

THE RIOT started over nothing—a policeman arresting a disorderly drunk at a Negro street dance. A street gang was there and a fight began. More policemen arrived, and they brought dogs. To the Negroes, dogs meant the scenes of Birmingham and St. Augustine made familiar on television. A rumor swiftly

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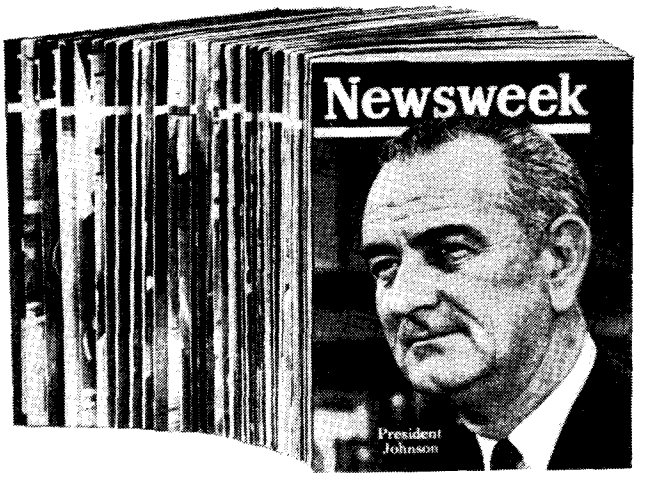

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4—*the year*—1964
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Translated:
This is a 12-month subscription that expires in September 1964.

spread that a dog had been unleashed, that the drunk had been bitten, that a fifteen-year-old girl had been attacked by the dog.

"I know the kids here," Mrs. Mitchell said of her ward, where the riot spread the second night. "I know the hard ones and the good kids. And it was the good kids in my ward who first threw the bricks through the windows. Then the adults stepped in. This community just went insane."

There are people in Rochester who have long been concerned and at work on a multiplicity of programs to bridge the gap between the Negro and the white community. Today they fear that their efforts have gone down the drain. Now that order is restored, the gap appears to be widening. Negroes who broke the curfew have been coming home from the overcrowded jail with bitter stories to tell. Many had to sleep on the corridor floors. In the confusion one janitor was picked up for breaking the curfew while on the way home from locking up his church. All his keys had been taken from him and not yet returned. With the peace, the police began searching Negro apartment buildings for stolen goods. After one of these raids, the police were reported to the Human Relations Commission for calling to spectators "O.K. you niggers, get back." Some Negro children arriving at day camps after the riot came without their lunches. "These people are hungry," Mrs. Mitchell said. "What will happen if they lose their credit at the grocery stores that were smashed?"

"The Negroes are not co-operating," Mayor Lamb complained, "they have only been criticizing." What should they be doing? "I think the responsible ones should make some sincere gesture to tell their people to return the loot." He thought for a moment. "I think the responsible ones should start a fund to help pay for these tremendous damages." Whatever the merits of these suggestions, the Negroes apparently are going to pay one way or another. "It's going to be very hard now to meet the time schedules of the projects we were already committed to," the mayor said, meaning projects that would bene-

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fit the Negroes. If tax dollars have to pay for the damages, he explained, "We won't be able to build those new schools or playgrounds they want." Who, he wondered, would be for public housing now?

"This is everyone's responsibility," Mrs. Mitchell said. "If I thought that this had had no impact, if I thought that the people here didn't get the message that something is wrong with the whites and with the Negroes in this community. I mean something radically wrong . . . ." Mrs. Mitchell looked out her living-room window at a group of neatly dressed and serious-looking teen-agers on her porch, and didn't finish the sentence. They were some of the "hard ones" she and her husband had been trying to reach.

After Rochester, the Negro and white leaders in Buffalo held a meeting to discuss the possibility there might be trouble there. A Negro told them quietly that they were using the wrong tense. The trouble "is here now," he said. The Mayor suggested a day or a week of prayer. And after Rochester, at a similar meeting in Syracuse the mayor said, "What's going on in Rochester has no relation to us."

—BARBARA CARTER

Stop the Press!

What do Young Republicans want to be when they grow up? You're wrong if you think the answer is "President." They want to be reporters—sensation-seeking columnists, crypto-columnists, and fellow byliners, as the press came to think of itself in San Francisco. This surprising fact came to our attention late last month in an Associated Press dispatch. Donald E. Lukens, the story said, chairman of the National Federation of Young Republicans, had been calling for help in a "ten-year program for a take-over of the press . . . ." Perhaps because nerves are somewhat edgy these days, Mr. Lukens hastened to add that he did not mean a "physical take-over."

Nice as it was to know that Mr. Lukens had dismissed as impossible a physical assault on the press, we were still anxious about the nature of our fate. "Take-over" in terms of state delegations has meant painstaking and devoted infiltration of party machinery at the precinct level. "Take-over" in the National Federation of Young Republicans (which resulted in Mr. Lukens's ascendancy) has meant a series of stormy encounters between the pro- and anti-Goldwater youth of the Republican Party. What would it mean in terms of the press?

We asked Mr. Lukens about all this in a recent telephone interview. The Young Republicans, it would seem, have been dissatisfied for some time by the way the press has treated Senator Goldwater. But, according to Mr. Lukens, "instead of crying about it," a few of them got together and worked out a positive program that was approved by the Young Republicans' National Executive Committee a few months back. It is a sort of screening and placement service for good young conservative folk who aspire to journalism. At the present time, the program is under way in eleven states where the organization's state chairmen are trying to "place" in news media some eighteen or nineteen young applicants who meet their ideological specifications. Mr. Lukens concedes that for the time being they are likelier to have success with papers such as the Chicago *Tribune* and former Senator William F. Knowland's Oakland *Tribune* than they are, say, in stamping out Huntley and Brinkley.

Still, hope springs eternal, especially in youth, and Mr. Lukens dreams of a program that could place a hundred new writers a year. Was there a new Lincoln Steffens or another Richard Harding Davis at the end of all this idealism and effort? "We'd like to produce several more Raymond Moleys," he said.

Polishing the Playground

After more than thirty years of trying to land a national political convention, Atlantic City is anxious to make a good impression on the Democratic delegates who will be assembling there later this month. The self-styled "Playground of the World" has unfortunately acquired a somewhat gamy reputation, and as part of a general effort to avoid shocking the sensibilities of the vis-

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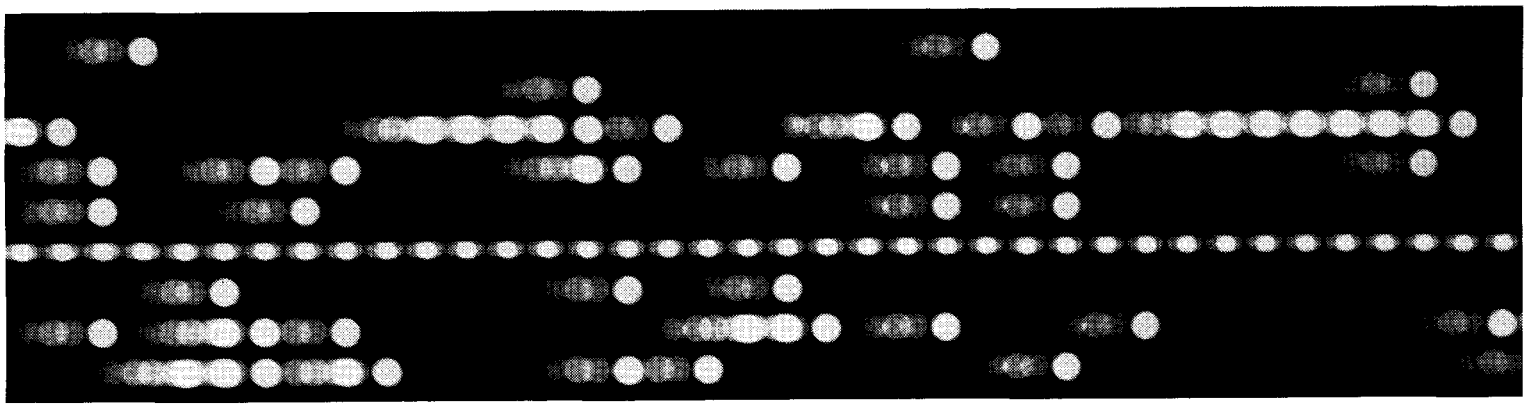
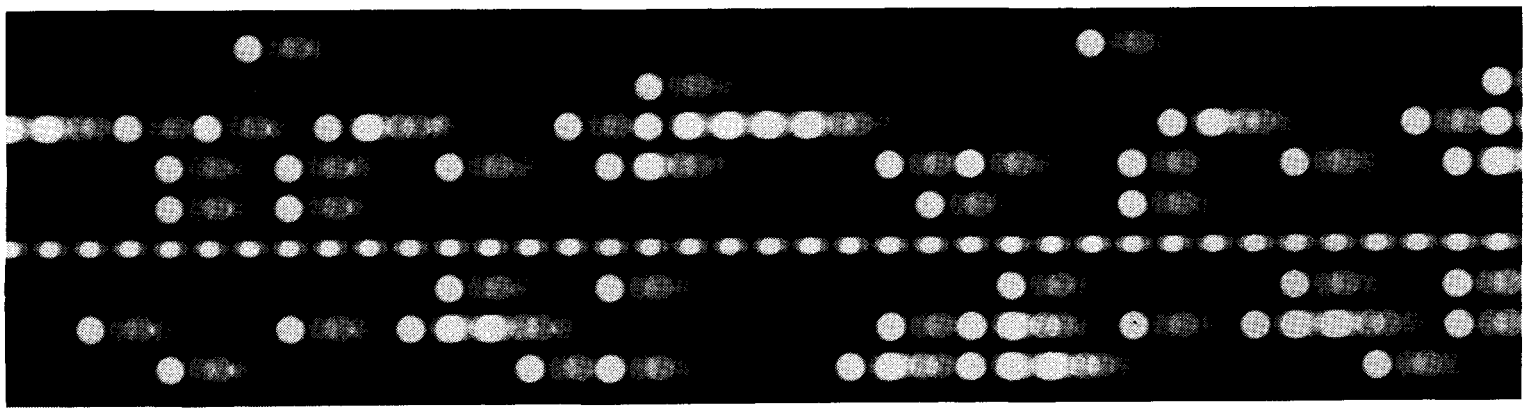


NOW MACHINES CAN TALK OVER THE TELEPHONE



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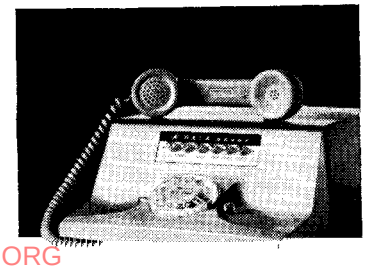

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AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

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ing politicians, Joseph P. Lordi, director of the New Jersey Alcoholic Beverage Control Commission, recently gave several hundred Atlantic City tavern owners an informative lecture about the birds and bees of the bar business.

"There will be some migration of shady characters," he revealed, "prostitutes, procurers, hostesses, B-girls, sexual deviates, confidence men, etc. They will frequent your premises and try to convince you to countenance their odious, sordid, and illicit practices. Some of you may be tempted to attract the tourists [by] offering illicit inducements or staging offensive entertainment, such as strip teases, bumps and grinds, obscene or *double-entendre* jokes, off-color performances, or generally conducting your place in a manner characterized as a nuisance by our rules and regulations."

Another exhortation was delivered at the same meeting by the Republican boss of Atlantic City, State Senator Frank S. (Hap) Farley: "Please, please," he implored, "don't increase prices."

But even if an unwonted rectitude can be imposed along the boardwalk, Atlantic City has another side to it that won't be so easy to conceal. Just four blocks from the honky-tonk glitter of the beach front is one of the most wretched slums to be found in this prosperous land of ours. Negroes comprise thirty-seven per cent of Atlantic City's population, and most of them live in the squalid area known as the North Side. If any of the visitors haven't yet realized what the President's anti-poverty program is all about, they have only to take a stroll through the North Side. The trouble there cannot be swept under the rug or hustled out of town until the convention is over.

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of The Reporter are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. After this August 13 issue your next copy will be dated September 10. Our fortnightly schedule will then be resumed.

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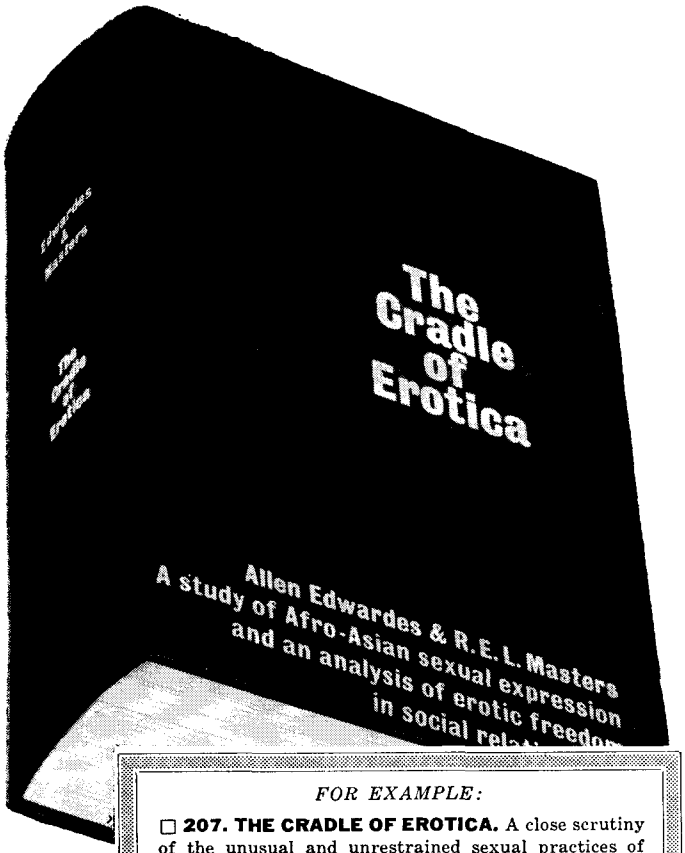
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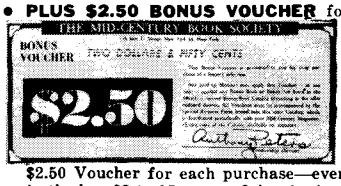

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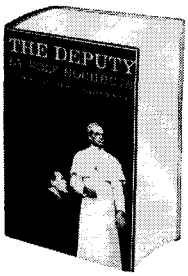

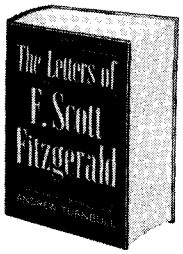

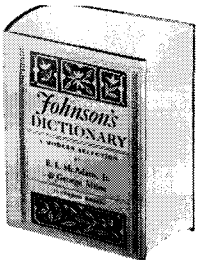

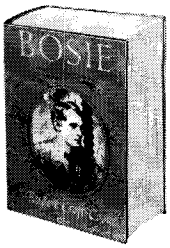

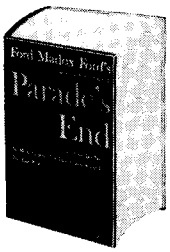

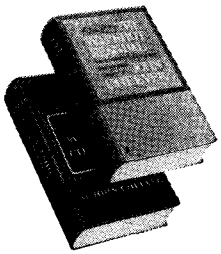

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The Runaway Republicans

THE MOST SURPRISING thing about the Goldwater victory at San Francisco is the surprise it produced. For weeks the senator's nomination had been considered a certainty, and yet when it came to pass, the nation felt the shock of an incredible event. The Goldwaterites were not exempted from the surprise, for they achieved not just success but total victory. Perhaps some of their top leaders, the maximum one first of all, had planned it that way: the anticipated outcome of the convention turned out to be a cover for their ruthless conquest of the Republican Party.

Barry Goldwater, with his plausible appearance and his improbable philosophy, is ideally suited to embody this revolutionary movement called, of all things, conservatism. During his relatively brief political career, he has spoken and written with abundance, perhaps too much for his own good. He has stuck to his few homespun ideas with remarkable consistency, occasionally breaking their monotony with some discordant notes. In fairness it should be added that, at least in our opinion, too much has been made of his contradictions. On such subjects as the U.N., TVA, diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, and many more, he has qualified the crudity of his original statements with *ifs* and *buts* and *whens*. These occasional dissonances have provided a relief from his unchanging high pitch.

The acceptance speech was an inspirational digest of *The Conscience of a Conservative*, with a couple of new strident themes. Seldom if ever has he reached such a level of lofty incongruity. The Constitution, the law of nature, and the law of God were one and the same thing. Once the too many fetters imposed on the citizen's independence were removed, the "whole man" would come into his own, in all his "ultimate and undeniable greatness." This messianic announcement of total redemption came immediately after the traditional salutation to the great who were or were not there—Dick Nixon and his charming wife Pat, on to General and Mrs. Eisenhower, to his own wife and family, and then to all Republicans and Americans across this great nation. "From this moment," he said, "we will go forward together dedicated to . . . the whole man. Together we will win." The dedication, it should be noted, is to man at large and not just to U.S. citizens.

One may respectfully ask what Mr. and Mrs. Nixon and all the others made of this favorite Goldwater theme, considering that the senator has never bothered to define wholeness or to specify what may happen to those who are stuck with only a fraction of it. But repetition was a substitute for clarity, and in the rest of the speech there were three more references to the "whole man," while God came in four times, "freedom" twenty-four, and "liberty" seven. The evidence of freedom's blessing was expressed in a notion the New Frontiersmen used to cherish as a good in itself: "diversity," which was devoutly praised six times.

The Federal government, Senator Goldwater informed us once more, has to be cut down to size, decentralized, and brought back to the limits the Constitution prescribed at the time it was written. He accepted the nomination for President, but his philosophy demands that, if elected, he will dedicate himself to the withering away of the Federal structure, and of Presidential power most of all. The Federal government, in all its three branches, is expected to recede, according to the Goldwater way of thinking, and sometimes one is tempted to ask whether a strict interpretation of the Constitution of 1787 is enough for him, or whether the states' full sovereignty couldn't be better guaranteed by a return to the 1777 Articles of Confederation.

But then, there was a completely new theme in the San Francisco speech, this time in jarring contradiction to the cherished notion of decentralization. "The growing menace . . . to personal safety . . . particularly in our great cities," the senator said, "is the mounting concern . . . of every thoughtful citizen. . . ." Of course it is,

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and our Federal structure makes it hard to cope with major civil disorders lest a nation-wide police system is established. "Security from domestic violence, no less than from foreign aggression," the senator proclaimed, "is the most elementary and fundamental purpose of any government. . . ." Does he mean that the armed forces of the United States are to be charged with keeping "the streets safe from bullies and marauders"? It is difficult to imagine that the senator could advocate this, considering how anxious he is to unburden the office of the Commander-in-Chief of some of its most awesome responsibilities.

But immediately after these confusing statements on domestic violence, the senator soared up again to the nature and destiny of man, Divine Will, and God.

ENOUGH of the speech. The extraordinary thing is that it was delivered by a man who could become our President and has already been made the leader of the Republican Party. In the name of that man, the party has been taken over by its most uncompromising faction. This is a unique event in the history of our political parties, whose function has always been to harmonize within their ranks groups that are in actual or potential conflict and to offer the citizens a choice between two slightly different variations of national unity. This will not be the case in the coming election, since one of the two parties has been taken over by fanatics who at the convention showed no inclination to be magnanimous in victory. This happens also at a time when the unity of the nation is being subjected to one cruel test after another.

The extremism of the Republican Party today cannot be visualized in terms of specific programs, for its proclaimed aims can be, at best, only of a rhetorical nature. No one can subtract fifty or a hundred years from history, or dream of stabilizing it at a certain phase. The Marxists are trying to do it, and constantly failing. But there are individuals who have so thoroughly identified themselves with a past era, either by chance or by will, as not to be able or willing to move away from it.

Barry Goldwater is one of them. He is an eighteenth-century radical, one of those men who can espouse a cause only by bringing it to its ultimate extreme. His notion of the individual as the beginning and the end of society, his grudging resentment of any higher authority to which the individual may be subjected—this is one of the unmistakable characteristics of the most primitive kind of liberalism. He is at home at the very border of absurdity; sometimes he wanders over it and then bounces back to something like common sense. But the extreme, unqualified position is the one for which he is made. From there he can advocate his diplomacy of permanent brinkmanship and his intolerance of any government meddling with economics. He has been called the new Mr. Republican. Actually, in the most literal sense of the term, he is Mr. Extreme.

Such a man is far from being alone in the party he now leads. He is probably the most candid and, to a certain extent, disarming among the people of some prominence who are, with him, at the head of the Republican Party. Should they prevail in the election, or should they succeed—which is quite likely—in sending a compact, tightly disciplined Congressional minority to Capitol Hill, the price our country will have to pay will be inordinately high. They have already dismayed our allies. With their indiscriminate blasts at the administration's foreign policy, they have made it hard for qualified people to offer the criticism that is demanded in the interest of the country and of the alliance. Yet there must be criticism, for Goldwater and all his followers cannot immunize the administration from the appraisal of its accomplishments and failures which is always imperative, and particularly in an election year.

The Goldwater Republicans are scarcely entitled to criticize a foreign policy that has been largely conducted with bipartisan support and where the opposition and the alarms have come from Republicans like Senator Keating who could not exactly be called Goldwaterites. If Senator Goldwater himself played any meaningful role at the time of the Berlin Wall, as he has claimed in his interview with *Der Spiegel*, it is difficult to find any evidence of it. What he and his followers have provided is a number of runaway absolutes about victory and freedom and the individual, all simplified to the extreme, unqualified and unbalanced by any knowledge or sense of history and of the range within which our country's power can be used.

WE ARE IN for a very tough time, and not only because of the Goldwater Republicans, although these people will surely make the most of all the causes of national disturbance and disgrace—the race conflict first of all. Ours is a strange country. Things look crystallized and unchanging for long stretches of time, and then all of a sudden they acquire an alarming fluidity. This happened at the time of the depression, for instance, during the first years of F.D.R.

There is no reason to lose confidence in the good sense of the American people, although to activate this sense it will not be enough to point out the existing prosperity, singing the old tune "You Never Had It So Good." The fact that the alternative to the present administration is Goldwater Republicanism only increases the need for constant vigilance over the administration's policies at home and abroad.

It will take steady nerves and strong hearts to recognize the facts as they occur, size them up, and call them by their right name. A type of primitivism has emerged and is gaining a still unmeasured mass support. It will be a long, hard pull, and it will not end with the election.

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The G.O.P. and the Gap

MARYA MANNES

THE SHOWER of gold drifting down from the ceiling of the Cow Palace at the roaring moment of nomination seemed singularly appropriate, almost mystical. For a lot of the people touched by this blizzard of benediction were indeed gilded by sun, favored by circumstance, endowed with money. At least, the ardent Goldwater supporters I met in San Francisco were nearly all like that: too nice, too typical to believe.

Take one pair from California and call them Ford, although they could be interchangeable with a pair from Illinois, from Michigan, or from Texas, I met at their pleasant parties. Bill Ford is ruggedly handsome, with the strong jaw and tanned skin of one of those gentleman sportsmen in liquor ads. When I asked him how he had gotten into politics (he was a lawyer, a graduate of Yale), he smiled and said, "Well, I have this friend I go hunting with. He sold me on Goldwater, so I said I'd work for him. Of course," he added, "I don't really know anything about politics. I just raise money."

His wife Ann, a tall, lean, blonde product of Miss Madeira's school, is a fine tennis player, a tireless and highly efficient organizer of social events, and the mother of three handsome and splendidly healthy children. They live in a charming house overlooking the Bay decorated in soft tones of blue and yellow and furnished in French provincial style except for a few Chinese lamps and scrolls. I have seen this kind of interior in the homes of conservative friends all over the country: comfort without surprise, taste without experiment. They emanate security and reject the new except in their kitchens, which rival the cockpits of Boeing 707s in their dial-and-button intricacy.

I was told that Bill spends a lot of his time at the Pacific Union Club, set in brown and ponderous isolation within a green enclave on top of Nob Hill; lunching there every working day, playing bridge while he munches a sandwich, and returning for more bridge as early as 4:30. His addiction to bridge is second only to his zeal for golf, and my informant was surprised that I was surprised that he played both for money. "Why, they all do," she said. "It's no fun without money."

I SAW no bookcases in the Fords' living room, but in a sort of L-shaped den I saw *Time*, the *Reader's Digest*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. When I asked Bill whether they subscribed to the *National Review*, he said no, although sometimes they looked at a specific article friends told them about. "We really haven't time to read much," he said.

"*This* is our favorite reading matter now," said Ann with a smile, and she handed me a little paperback that I later saw lying on the coffee tables or hall tables of other houses. It was called *A Choice, Not an Echo*, and it was by a woman named Phyllis Schlafly, whose smiling face is on the red-and-white cover. "She's really brilliant," said Ann. "She gets to the bottom of things."

This little book is all about the giant conspiracy of the Eastern kingmakers whose vast financial resources, political machinations, and control of the mass media have not only consistently forced liberal or moderate candidates on the American people against their true will, but have brought the country close to ruin with their domestic and foreign policies. In Miss Schlafly's view, disarmament and détente are the greatest threats. In answer to the "egghead reasoning" that today's problems are too complex for simple solutions, Miss Schlafly writes that "civilization progresses, freedom is won, and problems are solved because we have wonderful people who think up simple solutions." She mentions the Wright brothers and the airplane, Singer and the sewing machine.

As I glanced through Miss Schlafly's penetrating insights, I wondered if all the nice people with good educations knew or cared that this book, which is distributed by Birchers in some parts of the country, said essentially the same things as a leaflet I was given in a motel lobby by a virginal lady of middle years, with grayish braids bound around her head and misty blue eyes.

"We are in dire peril," she told me.

"Yes, we are," I said.

"The strength is being sapped out of us," she said.

"It certainly is," I agreed. Thus fortified, she also put in my hands printed proof that Governor Scranton was a Communist tool of the Eastern kingmakers.

In their reverential affection for their new leader (and at close quarters the senator has potent charm), people like my friends the Fords keep using words like "integrity" and "morality," but when you saw them applauding his sanction of extremism, you wondered what they

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really meant. You hear them deploring violence and approving modified integration, but you had only to see their faces as they passed by the CORE demonstrators outside the Cow Palace to read their profound distaste and contempt for all groups, black or white, that included so many slovenly and aggressive people. You could see them wince at the goateed Negro shouting "Freedom!" through his bullhorn while his followers screamed "Naaaaow!" And the thoughts of people like the Fords and their friends seemed to find voice among the youths in Goldwater cowboy hats and the angry men and disgusted delegates who shouted, "Where are their handcuffs?" or "Hoodlums!" Of course, my well-mannered Goldwater acquaintances would never say things like that out loud.

All the Nice People

Even beyond their distaste for and fear of Negroes, I saw no evidence in their gatherings of any contact with people unlike themselves. Although Senator Dirksen in his nomination speech intoned proudly and mournfully that their idol's grandfather had been a pushcart peddler, the upper-class Goldwater people I met seemed to me like pre-immigration America—the white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant stock before the invasions.

Obviously they are only part of the picture, for many faces in the Cow Palace galleries and among the delegations on the floor were by no means aristocratically bred or so favored by nature. The rain of gold fell on more primitive features than those of the Fords and their friends: on the heavy-jowled, small-eyed businessmen; on the big, bronzed, beefy regular guys, eternal boys; on the steely-eyed, thin-mouthed haters; on the swaggering youths in their cowboy hats yelling hoarsely for Barry; on the faceless followers waiting to be led.

As for the women, remarkably many shared a common pattern: a setness of face, however well-featured; an expression, almost sexual, of total commitment; and evidence of constant, expensive grooming. Most notably, and of whatever age, they wore rigidly lacquered coiffures, usually blonde and never with one soft or aberrant lock. They were strictly girdled, smartly dressed, and sleekly shod. Now you might say that they represented the middle-class suburban norm of any political persuasion, but the older women especially seemed to me more standardized than an equivalent group at a Democratic convention, where both the ethnic and economic ranges are far wider. I looked in vain at the Cow Palace for people who could be called poor, and I remembered what a college-boy taxi driver told me: "One thing I noticed driving Goldwater people around kind of struck me. They're always talking about how the poor are responsible for their condition—you know, lazy, no-good. Well, it took me four months to find this job, and I know what it's like being poor, and it isn't just because you don't want to work, believe me."

But then, how could the Fords and their friends be expected to know? Or a dowager who took me to lunch at the Francisca Club, where only ladies of impeccable breeding can be members. They were there in full force and sensible pumps when she told me that only Goldwater stood "between us and disaster," explaining that she meant surrender to Communism, the welfare state, and the Negro tide. She was understandably horrified because one of her grandsons had gone to Mississippi as a civil-rights worker this summer. "I told his mother," she said, shaking with passion, "that it was all her fault, with her liberal ideas. She should never have let him go! Never!"

She was echoed at the lunch table by a pretty young matron, the wife of a Goldwater delegate from Washington, D. C., who said that she was very much against letting young people go South and work for Negroes, and that it's the duty of the parents to tell children what to think and do until they're at least twenty-one, and older for girls.

WHAT struck me most in talking with the nice, good-looking Goldwater people was their profound and profoundly humorless assurance. In a sense they are right to be assured, because what they want is what most Americans want: a simpler, safer life, a more moral society with more individual integrity. And what they deplore is what most Americans deplore: crime, violence, lawlessness, corruption. But for these the Goldwater people take no blame. It is always outside themselves, on others. What America has lost, others have taken away. What America has become, others are responsible for. "At last," they tell you with shining eyes, "with Barry Goldwater we have a chance!" The unspoken phrase, it always seemed to me, was: "to remake this country into our own image."

"People," wrote Carl Jung in *The Undiscovered Self*, "go on blithely organizing and believing in the sovereign remedy of mass action, without the least consciousness of the fact that the most powerful organizations can be maintained only by the greatest ruthlessness of their leaders and the cheapest of slogans." But the Goldwater people—far more, it seems to me, than most groups that are organized for mass action—live in a dream, insulated from reality and sustained by a man who speaks their own dialect and conjures up their own visions.

Across a Crowded Room

This insulation is, of course, most complete in the South. Nothing could have further confirmed this known and tragic fact than a small meeting that took place in the Richelieu Motor Hotel in San Francisco just before the convention.

A CORE task-force worker, Maureen Murphy, just back from Meridian, Mississippi, had writen the chairman of the Mississippi delegation a registered special-delivery letter some days before, requesting the privilege of addressing its members and asking questions. Miss Murphy asked to be heard as "a white girl from San Francisco," and as an American citizen, along with a group of Bay Area parents of civil-rights workers in Mississippi. When no reply was received to her letter, to a follow-up copy delivered by hand to the hotel, or to a telegram, she sent word to the delegation that the CORE group would present itself at the delegation headquarters.

These were in the Richelieu's Normandie Room, a small "public" room filled with chairs, tables spread with releases and Goldwater buttons, and Goldwater posters on the

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walls. At the appointed hour, finding only one young man who denied knowledge of any projected meeting and another who held a pad and seemed to be a reporter, I returned to the street with my companion, the mother of a CORE worker in Hattiesburg. At the hotel entrance the young instigator of the meeting, eight other parents, and a public-relations girl from CORE had now gathered. Maureen Murphy was short and tousle-haired with an upturned nose, a fresh complexion, braces on her teeth, and a cigarette in her mouth. She wore a raincoat over a cotton dress, her sneakers were correctly soiled, and she spoke with assurance to the young reporter who had now come out to question the group. The parents were all serious middle-class people, neatly dressed, with sensitive and troubled faces. After a while the whole group trouped back into the hotel and made their way to the Normandie Room.

THIS TIME there were two new people there: a tall, handsome man who said he was an alternate delegate, and a middle-aged woman with a delegate's badge. Obviously caught by surprise and anxious to leave, the tall man answered Miss Murphy's request for a hearing by saying that most of the delegates had not arrived yet, that those who had were at another meeting downtown, and that in any case this was not germane to their business: they had a heavy schedule that precluded such matters as this. The woman delegate looked at the group with lips stretched in a thin line of contemptuous distaste.

Miss Murphy pressed her point, and the voices of the parents began to rise, demanding answers to their questions and attention from the delegation. Again the two Mississippians tried to leave the room, but the group had now surrounded them. The most articulate of the parents, an intense, gray-haired man with a forceful delivery, addressed them as community leaders as well as national leaders, and asked them, in the name of all parents, to see that the laws in their own state were properly carried out by their law-enforcement officers, and that they investigate the harassments, beatings, and general conduct of the local sheriffs and police officers. Voices rose in separate dialogues of charge and denial, and three more Mississippi delegates pushed their way into the crowded room followed by a Pinkerton man.

"We've got the best police force in the country!" shouted the alternate delegate. "Any man is safer walkin' down any street in Mississippi than in New York City!"

"It's positively un-Christian of all of you," cried the woman delegate, "to come in here and say terrible things about our state!"

"Madam," replied one of the California women, "we feel that it is un-Christian for our children to be beaten, jailed, and shot in your state."

"There's nothing but lies in what you're saying!" the shout came back. "Mississippi is a peaceful place. I live in a town twenty miles from Jackson and we've never had a riot." The woman delegate went on to say that mothers should be ashamed of their children coming to Mississippi: there had been no trouble before they came.

Charge followed countercharge, louder and louder. To every mention of Negro-voter registration, a Mississippi voice would say, "We register all the Negroes that want to register. We've never tried to stop them." At one point the voice of the handsome alternate was raised: "You talk about violence. What about that girl in New York who was murdered and thirty-eight people didn't do anything?" To replies that there was no analogy, he smiled, as if to indicate there was no hope of reasoning with such people.

"How do you explain," cried one parent, "those cars without licenses in Mississippi that are never picked up by the police?" It was denied that there were any cars without licenses in Mississippi.

Several Southern voices tried to explain how well the Negroes are treated in their state. "We have a Negro boy from our high school who's on the Olympic swimming team. How can you say we're not nice to the Negroes?"

At one point the woman delegate from Mississippi told a mother: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for having brought up that kind of rabble-rousing troublemaker. Get him back home and then you won't have to worry about him."

Over the loud and heated babble a man said: "If your son came down to make trouble, he should be beaten, then he'd go home. We don't want him. We have a peaceful state where there's no trouble. If your son is trying to make some, we'll teach him a thing or two, which apparently you haven't."

ACROSS this exchange one could hear the gray-haired, studious-looking father who had spoken for the group earlier. "Let me tell you this," he said to the handsome alternate. "If you have *one* more murder of a civil-rights worker in Mississippi —*one more*—you'll get Federal troops in your state, and you know you don't want that any more than we do."

Three Mississippians and the Pinkerton man began to close in on him. With ominous softness a delegate asked him, "Just what is your background, sir? We'd like to know your background."

"My background! What's that got to do with it?" shouted the father. "My son and daughter-in-law are working for civil rights in Mississippi and all I'm asking is what these other parents are asking—that they be protected as American citizens from harm and attack."

"Yes, but we'd like to know your background, sir."

The wrangle went on and I could hear only the voices next to me of a pretty, dark-haired Mississippi woman and my companion, the mother of the boy in Hattiesburg, who was quietly asking: "But how can you defend the disappearance of those three boys in Neshoba County?"

"Well," said the other, "we all are convinced it was a hoax."

"It's hopeless," said another woman from California. "We don't speak the same language. They're in another country."

Gradually, by what seemed to be a mutual admission of futility, both groups moved toward the door and ultimately dispersed. No words, it was clear from that ugly, tempestuous hour, could bridge the gap between the two nations represented there. I thought about that gap a lot in San Francisco.

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Who Speaks For Mississippi?

REESE CLEGHORN

On June 16, a Negro named Ernest Johnson sat down in a school building in Meridian, Mississippi. When 10 A.M. passed and no one else had joined him, he declared himself to be the official Democratic convention of the sixth precinct of Lauderdale County. As permanent chairman, he presided. As the majority, he passed a resolution calling for loyalty to the national Democratic nominee and elected himself the precinct delegate to the county convention. Then he adjourned.

Ernest Johnson attests to all this in one of the numerous affidavits from Mississippi precincts that the credentials committee of the Democratic national convention, and perhaps the television public, will hear about when the Democrats get down to business on August 24 at Atlantic City. Mississippi precinct conventions usually attract no attention even in Mississippi. This year they seem destined to be a focal point of the convention. Because of the efforts of many Ernest Johnsons, the help of all civil-rights organizations working in Mississippi, and strong support from some leading Democrats outside the state, the national convention will be confronted by two sixty-eight-member Mississippi delegations. One will be virtually all-Negro and insistent. The other will be all-white and, probably, indignant.

The Negro delegation will represent the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which claims to be the only true Democratic Party in Mississippi. If this is a "paper party," it nonetheless expects by convention time to be able to show the signatures of more than a hundred thousand Mississippi members, almost all Negroes. It will also have dozens of documents to authenticate its members' attempts to become part of the regular Democratic organization at the precinct and county levels, and to establish the regular party's hostility to Negro registration. Probably most important, it will have support from at least nine Democratic delegations and from friends in other states. It consequently seems assured of a chance to get its cause to the convention floor, and this confrontation could bring on the convention's most volatile battle.

A Bill of Particulars

The Freedom Party will charge the traditional Mississippi Democrats with responsibility for violence and voter intimidation in the state. Its main hope, however, lies in the regular organization's own strident declarations of independence from the national party. The Freedom Party will contend that it is the only Democratic organization in Mississippi which can be relied upon to support the national nominees.

There is much to support this argument. In 1960, just after the national conventions, the state Democratic convention passed a resolution saying: "We reject and oppose the platforms of both national parties and their candidates." Some Democratic leaders supported a loyalist ticket, but most supported the unpledged electors who won in November. They delivered Mississippi's electoral votes to Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia.

More recently, Mississippi Democrats have rejected the national party with increasing ferocity. Former Governor J. P. Coleman was badly defeated for governor last year partly because he was regarded as a national party loyalist, in spite of near-desperate disclaimers. Paul B. Johnson, Jr., who beat him in the Democratic primary, vied with his Republican opponent in denouncing the national Democratic Party during the general election campaign. The *Johnson Journal*, his campaign paper, was headlined immediately after the Democratic primary of August 6: "Landslide Eliminated National Democratic Influence, Republicans Face End, Both National Parties Are Our Enemies." The story underneath said: "The people of Mississippi have rejected decisively the influence of the Kennedy-dominated National Democratic Party. The Mississippi Democratic Party, completely free of both national parties and solely an instrument of the citizens of this state, now is safely in the hands of the conservative, responsible majority of Mississippi's voters." Another piece of Paul Johnson literature said the Mississippi party "long ago separated itself from the National Democratic Party and has fought consistently everything both national parties stand for."

The Freedom Party will maintain that the regular Democratic Party in Mississippi also separated itself from Negroes long ago, and has consistently fought everything they stand for. "We tried to enter the party at the precinct level with the hope of purifying it at the grassroots," said Aaron Henry, the Clarksdale druggist who heads the Freedom Party. "We even got to the meetings a little early," Henry said, "because we had always been told the white folks start on time." Although Negroes in most cases failed to get into or even find the precinct meetings, Henry and a few of his friends did. He had the rare distinction of picking up three white votes along with the expected twelve Negro votes in the secret balloting for delegates to the county convention. He was defeated, and nowhere in the state were Negroes able to become a factor in the county conventions a week later.

The idea for a separate party organization seems to have evolved as an extension of efforts last year to dramatize Mississippi's denial of Negro voting rights. A state count showed only 28,500 Negroes registered of an estimated 525,000 Negroes of voting age. In a dramatic refutation of the claim that the small Negro vote is simply due to lack of interest, the Council of Federated Organizations (the coordinating agency for the national civil-rights organizations working in Mississippi) conducted a mock election last year at the same time white

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Mississippians were choosing the new governor. The nominee for governor on this mock slate was Henry, who is state president of the NAACP and head of COFO. The nominee for lieutenant governor was the Reverend R. Edwin King, the white chaplain of a Negro college near Jackson. Eighty Yale and Stanford students canvassed the state, working on the project with full-time rights workers, principally the field secretaries of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). Afterwards they reported that 83,000 Negroes had taken part in the "freedom vote." It was the largest Negro political participation in recent times in Mississippi.

After that, Henry and his organization decided to lay the groundwork for challenging the state Democratic party. This was accomplished in a series of conferences that included Henry and two other Negro leaders, Robert Moses, field secretary of SNCC, and David Dennis, field secretary of the Congress of Racial Equality. Moses appears to be the key figure in all civil-rights undertakings in Mississippi. A quiet twenty-nine-year-old former New York teacher with a master's degree in philosophy from Harvard, he is program director for COFO. "Nothing happens in Mississippi that Moses isn't behind," a fellow SNCC worker has said of him.

The next step was to plan for participation in the Democratic precinct meetings, which precede county, district, and state conventions. Usually the precinct conventions attract only a handful of voters. Sometimes there is no meeting at all and a few local Democrats simply go to the county convention as self-appointed delegates. This time Negroes turned out in a dozen counties to attend precinct meetings. They had been advised to arrive early, take clippings from newspapers showing the time and place of the meeting, and take their poll-tax receipts and registered voters' cards.

The results of their efforts varied from precinct to precinct. In Meridian, two Negroes approached a school and were told that the meeting would be inside. As they entered, they looked back and saw a group of whites under a tree. They went toward them and as they reached the tree, they later recounted, a man who was talking said, "That's all, folks. See you in four years." He informed the Negroes that a secretary had been appointed and a slate of delegates chosen.

At another Meridian school, Ernest Johnson had his one-man meeting for the sixth precinct. He had found only one white man on hand when he arrived, who "didn't respond to my efforts at communication." The white man left, and it was then, Johnson said, that he held his convention.

At the Meridian City Hall the Reverend Clemmie Turnipseed, a young Negro who does manual labor during the week and preaches on Sundays, was told that the meeting would be either in the courtroom or in an auditorium upstairs. Turnipseed, accompanied by a Negro helper, Margie Ann Hubbard, found no one in the courtroom. They went to the empty auditorium. There Turnipseed and Miss Hubbard convened. He became permanent chairman. They elected themselves delegates to the county convention and passed the loyalty resolution.

A week later Turnipseed, Miss Hubbard, and Johnson arrived at the county convention in the circuit courtroom at the Lauderdale County Courthouse at 9:40 A.M. About twenty minutes later, a large number of white people arrived. The three Negroes, who had been seated in the rear of the hall, failed to win recognition as delegates and were generally ignored as the meeting proceeded.

Since only registered voters can participate, the number of Negroes eligible to take part in these meetings was limited. Many Negroes who had been bold enough to register drew the line on more active involvement. From Philadelphia, where the three civil-rights workers disappeared in June, word came that none of the county's twelve registered Negroes would attend precinct meetings. An affidavit from three of them said that they had planned to attend but, because of the tensions there, they had been afraid to. Many Negroes' fear of registering to vote, a process involving an appearance before white officials in a public building and a subsequent listing in a local newspaper, was well known. The same fear was found when civil-rights workers tried to get Negroes merely to sign Freedom Party cards. ("X" was sufficient.) The cards were distributed at meetings and many were turned down. "I got my reasons," a Holmes County Negro said. But door-to-door canvassing paid off, as did a speaking tour by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Wherever he spoke, a substantial number of signatures were obtained.

COFO workers became more careful about protecting the Freedom Party registrations after police in one town stopped a car and confiscated about a hundred signed party cards. Since then, as soon as a few registrations have been collected they are mailed to the COFO offices in Jackson and put in a safe. "Undoubtedly there are some people on the rosters who would not want their names known for fear of intimidation," said Barney Frank, a twenty-four-year-old white Harvard graduate student helping with the program. "But we are ready to show them to responsible authorities to document our claims."

The help from outside Mississippi, much of it obtained through the civil-rights organizations that constitute COFO, has assumed substantial weight with very little fanfare. One by one, state conventions have been called upon to instruct delegates to favor the Freedom Party. It now claims commitments "in some degree" from Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Massachusetts, New York, Oregon, California, Colorado, and the District of Columbia. For at least half of these delegations, their instructions are firm and explicit.

Two Delegations at Atlantic City

The legal strategy is being plotted by Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., a Washington attorney and former national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. "I think this will be the focal point of civil-rights activity at the convention," he said. "I would assume the platform will be pretty satisfactory for the liberals." He thinks the Freedom Party's chance for some role at the convention is good: "This is not the usual kind of contest," he said. "If Frank Lausche and Mike DiSalle brought rival organizations from Ohio, you'd just go check which best represented the Democratic Party in that state.

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But the people whom the Freedom Party represents have been excluded from the regular party, so you can't use the usual test." His argument will be that the Freedom Party is substantial, is open to all, pledges support of the national nominees, works within the processes of the law, and is an alternative to an organization that has condoned defiance of the law and the Constitution.

Some observers have felt that the Alabama delegation would be a more logical one to tackle on party loyalty, because of Governor George C. Wallace's defiance of the national party and the fact that the party in Alabama already is committed to a slate of unpledged electors. But no rival delegation will be on hand in Alabama similar to that in Mississippi. "Alabama's delegation should be excluded because they violated the party rules, which require that committees sending delegates undertake to have the nominees of the convention on the ballot, with pledged electors under the symbol of the party," said Rauh. He doubts that any other Southern delegations will be challenged.

The fight will begin when a credentials subcommittee meets the week before the convention. "The fair thing would be for them to seat neither delegation or both, which is what we'll ask," Rauh explained. The full credentials committee will be convened when the convention begins. If it decides against the Freedom delegation, a minority report is expected to bring the issue to the floor.

If the Freedom group should be accepted alongside the regular delegation, with Mississippi's votes divided between the two groups, there would be some very surprised Mississippians. One of these would be Bidwell Adam, the seventy-year-old Gulfport lawyer who is state Democratic chairman. A gritty and voluble man, Adam volunteers that his conscience is clean and he sleeps with his head to his window because he has done nothing to make him fear anyone.

He was supporting the Democratic national ticket before most of the Freedom Party's workers were born. For thirty years he has been chairman of the Harrison County Democratic organization. As a young man, he was lieutenant governor under Theodore G. Bilbo.

A fellow white Mississippian says of Adam: "He's always carried on about Negroes like the rest of them, but by Mississippi standards he has been a moderate." Adam campaigned for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket four years ago while other leaders were working for the unpledged slate, and although the Democratic ticket lost to the unpledged electors, it considerably outdid the Republican ticket. Adam refers to the Freedom Party as "the Dr. Martin Luther King organization" and says of the idea that both delegations might be seated: "I'd have to see that hiatus before I'd believe it."

Adam points out that the national

party's candidates have carried the state in every election of modern times except when the unpledged electors won in 1960, and when Strom Thurmond's States' Rights Party carried it in 1948. "Bilbo went all over the state making speeches for Al Smith," he said. "I wonder how hard the delegates from these states challenging us were working when we were supporting Al Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, and other Democrats. Those states have always had a fine record of voting Republican." This contention, no doubt, will be the basis of the regular Mississippi delegation's argument against its rejection by the convention.

The Time Bomb

The regular party's leaders have tried to avoid giving the Freedom Party any unnecessary ammunition on the eve of the convention, but this has taken some effort. Immediately after Barry Goldwater was nominated, a rebellion broke out in the state's official party ranks. Declarations of support for Goldwater even came from members of the state Democratic Executive Committee, and it looked for a time as if the state convention on July 28 might endorse Goldwater. Governor Johnson and his allies, including Adam, managed to prevent this. "Precipitous action certainly will not serve our party's best interest," the governor told the convention. "Committing this convention and this state party . . . before we have witnessed the performance of both major national political conventions would place Mississippi at a disadvantage. . . ." If a pro-Goldwater state convention voted to boycott the national convention, he said, another delegation might be seated. The state convention acceded and, strengthening the governor's position for the convention showdown, passed a resolution pledging that the state party will seek to put the national Democratic ticket on the November ballot. But there was no official commitment to support either the national ticket or unpledged electors. Significantly, the convention voted to reconvene September 9 in Jackson. Having weathered the national convention storm, it then could reject the national nominees as it did in 1960.

Ranking officials at the White House and the Democratic National Committee are known to be pondering ways to defuse the bomb the Mississippi situation will deliver to the convention. The subject has already confronted President Johnson himself: in the choice of a chairman for the convention's credentials committee, the anticipated fight over Southern delegates ruled out a man he favored, the moderate young governor of Georgia, Carl E. Sanders, whose delegation, for the first time in recent state history, will include four Negroes.

No Southern political observer would doubt that a bitter convention ruckus resulting in a summary rejection of the white Mississippi party would considerably benefit Barry Goldwater in the Deep South. This would be especially true if the convention demonstrations being planned on behalf of the Freedom Party by Bayard Rustin, who organ-

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ized the massive March on Washington, proved offensive to white moderates. The possibility of such a "backlash" does not seem to be a reality to the Freedom Party leaders. "We just can't stand by and see this group from Mississippi seated," Rauh said. "The oppressor shouldn't be seated while the oppressed have to stand outside."

National party officials have indicated privately that they have some ideas for a solution to the Mississippi delegation problem. The convention itself will no doubt have a number of alternatives to choose from, including the possibility of accepting both groups and dividing Mississippi's votes, a decision for which there is precedent. But whatever the convention decides, there is apt to be some fire and brimstone which might prove beneficial to Goldwater and the Republican drive to conquer the traditionally Democratic South this November. « »

The Fat Cats Are Hard to Find

WALTER PINCUS

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, long considered the financial responsibility of the wealthy, is working feverishly to broaden the base of its support. Fear that Goldwater's nomination has impeded the traditional flow of "liberal Eastern money" is only part of the story. The scramble to develop a wider base was on even before the convention began. To support its candidates for Congress and the White House this fall, the party needs fourteen to fifteen million dollars. But by July, the party had raised only $2.5 million. No matter who won the nomination, the Republicans would have been hard pressed for money.

The plain fact is that the party's financial situation has grown steadily worse since 1960. With the sharply rising costs of state and national campaigns, the political outs are finding it increasingly difficult to raise the necessary large amounts of money from traditional special-interest sources—those business and labor groups which depend on government and therefore help finance politicians and political parties. It was the same, of course, for the Democrats when they were the outs, and they will have the problem again whenever they lose the Presidency.

In 1956, the Republicans—having been in the White House for four years and then looking forward to another four—held a nationwide closed-circuit television $100-a-plate "Salute to Eisenhower" dinner. It raised close to $4 million, and half the money came to party headquarters in Washington. Looking back on the event recently, a leading Republican fund raiser said, "We really shook them down." This year another one-night nationwide $100-a-plate Republican dinner was held. Called a "Go-Day Rally," it also featured General Eisenhower, but as a private citizen this time. The rally was originally expected to bring in $2.5 million (to be split with the sponsoring state organizations), but the goal was scaled down to $1.5 million with $750,000 allocated to national headquarters. By mid-June only $500,000 had been received in Washington.

In the old days, even that half million dollars could have covered a respectable portion of a Presidential campaign's costs. This year, however, that amount will be almost completely used up just to pay for five-minute spot announcements on network television during the closing weeks. Meanwhile, a Texas-sized barrage of $100 and $1,000 galas, dinners, and cocktail parties has provided a steady flow of funds into the Democratic National Committee treasury.

TRADITIONALLY, the Republicans have been better organized in political fund raising than the Democrats. At the national level, the Republican Finance Committee had responsibility for raising all the money. The task of dispensing it went to three political groups—the Republican National Committee, the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. Though there were some clashes over money during the Eisenhower years, particularly over distribution of party funds to anti-Ike congressmen and senators, the system worked satisfactorily for the most part until 1960, when Richard Nixon's unsuccessful Presidential campaign left the party $750,000 in debt and faced with the problem of finding new national party leadership.

In an effort to avoid the political and financial warfare that embroiled Stevenson liberals and conservative Democrats in Congress during Eisenhower's second term, the Republicans bypassed the Nixon forces and united the party organization around the existing G.O.P. Capitol Hill leadership. Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky became national chairman, and later, when he resigned the post in 1961, Representative William E. Miller of New York moved up from chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee to head the national organization. This proved politically sound, but two years out of power revealed flaws in Republican fund raising. During the 1962 Congressional elections the national Finance Committee could not meet the campaign needs of the three operating political committees.

Picking Up Pin Money

Part of the trouble was that, as political campaigning has become more electronic, the activities of the committees have expanded. The Congressional Campaign Committee, with a budget this year of more than $1.5 million, provides public-relations facilities for incumbents and allocates funds—$1,500 in 1963—to each G.O.P. representative for printing or radio-television costs. The committee also holds an election-year clinic for new candidates, sends field men to assist in campaigns, and even sponsors special projects, such as a precinct education program and an anti-Democratic campaign film. The Senatorial Campaign Committee's $500,000 budget provides incumbent

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senators with an air travel card and reimburses all Republican senators for the cost of radio and television spots produced in the Senate recording studios. In addition, each G.O.P. senatorial candidate gets at least $5,000 in direct aid from the committee's funds. The National Committee, besides providing central party co-ordination, has teams working on research, registration, and the special voting groups—labor, farm, minorities, senior citizens, veterans —all of which are employed during the Presidential campaign.

To help meet its operating costs after the 1960 defeat, the Republican National Committee sought small donations as well as big ones. It promoted a $10 sustaining membership fund while the two Capitol Hill committees held their own $100-a-plate fund-raising dinners. Money became so tight that in November, 1962, Senator Goldwater, then chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, borrowed $30,000 from a Phoenix bank on his personal note to cover his committee's immediate needs.

SURPRISINGLY, the $10 sustaining-fund program is the brightest part of the Republican financial picture. When it was first tried through magazine advertisements, the program failed. With the adoption of a direct-mail approach, however, the fund has grown from $700,000 in 1962 to $1.1 million in 1963 to an expected $2.5 million this year. By June 1 the fund had collected $850,000, or ninety per cent of the National Committee's operating expenses. In contrast, the Democrats, "the party of the people," collected $1.5 million during the same period, but ninety per cent of its contributions were for $100 or more.

The first big boost in the sustaining-fund membership came during the stock-market setbacks in 1962 and 1963, which were attributed by Republicans to fiscal policies of the Kennedy administration. Using lists purchased from such companies as Business Reports, Inc. (at a cost of $2,790), Capital Gains Research Bureau, Inc. (for $1,949.32), and American Investors Corp. (for $1,935), the Republicans sought with some success to get irate small investors into the party. As the $10-fund effort has continued, other selected lists, such as the Disabled American Veterans (at a cost of $2,286) and the Hilton Credit Corp. (for $10,744.96), have been purchased. The most successful list to date is of buyers of a cloth to clean cars, and party officials are still searching for the meaning of that fact.

"Ten dollars at a clip is a tough way to raise money," a party aide commented recently. Almost every prior attempt at small-contributor political fund raising has failed. The much publicized "Dollars for Democrats" program usually brings in just enough to cover its local costs, while bipartisan fund-raising efforts usually run in the red. Nonetheless, this September, a bipartisan appeal for campaign funds will be mailed, jointly signed by Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai E. Stevenson.

Merchandising 'The Man Who . . .'

Starting from the premise that voters are "potential customers," G.O.P. fund raisers are now relying heavily on modern market-researching techniques to determine what political sales talk will bring in what contribution. The $10 sustaining-fund members in the $5,000-to-$7,500 income bracket have been identified as concerned only with major issues

—peace, war, prosperity, depression —in uncomplicated terms. "They have no time to analyze the issues," a Republican staffer said recently. The appeal to them has to be purely emotional.

A "milk" list has been developed of individuals in the $10,000-to-$25,000 income bracket, from whom $25-to-$50 contributions will be sought. A companion "cream" list of persons earning $25,000 to $100,000 is now being tested, using nine thousand names and various requests for $25, $50, and $100 contributions. The sex and occupation of these persons will in some way determine the "price" and "merchandising" of each appeal.

Beyond that, twenty-seven thousand letters went out in May to individuals with incomes over $100,000. Signed by Charles White, former president of the Republic Steel Corp., the letter solicited membership in the Republican Associates Organization at a minimum of $1,000. Operating since 1959, the group has had up to 1,300 members in a single year. Last year, however, there were fewer than four hundred. It is presumed that half of the May mailing went to Democrats, but if only two per cent of the recipient Republicans respond, even that small a group would add $350,000 to the Republican treasury.

Finally, there are the hundred or so members of the super Republican Associates, who contribute $3,000 to each of the three G.O.P. political committees, but they are reportedly to be spared the new G.O.P. fund-raising techniques.

Where the Democrats' $1,000-and-up membership group—the President's Club—is booming with a closely guarded list reported to number two thousand persons, the Republicans had collected only $373,000 through their Associates program up to July 1. The G.O.P. group has only a private newsletter to offer from party leaders such as the national chairman and Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. The Democrats, on the other hand, promise a tempting array of benefits, from a midnight convention supper with President Johnson as host to direct access to any branch of government through the National Committee on matters of interest.

When the results of all the various first test mailings have been analyzed, mass solicitations will be undertaken both to raise money for the fall campaigns and to lay the groundwork for further fund-raising efforts. With that in mind, the new national finance team is encouraging Republican state chairmen to supply lists of all their registered Republican voters by offering a bounty of two cents per name. As an added incentive, the state chairmen will receive in return those same names on IBM

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cards identified by residence and income.

Senator Goldwater's campaign for the nomination saw a practical test of organized, broad-based political fund solicitation. The senator's finance committee, made up of a nucleus of former Republican national Finance Committee members and staff, reportedly raised about $2.7 million to finance Goldwater national headquarters activities. State Goldwater groups, such as California's, raised an additional $2 million or more.

The Arizonan's finances, like his political fortunes, have had their ups and downs. After his poor showing in the New Hampshire primary, promised funds from big contributors failed to materialize, but as he began to pick up delegates around the country, a wide-ranging 2.5-million-piece direct-mail campaign paid off with a steady flow of contributions. The lists of those to be solicited were chosen with an eye on groups that, according to one Goldwater aide, "find the Federal government moving in on them." Thus a mailing to 200,000 doctors on the American Medical Association roster noting the Goldwater stand on Medicare brought in more than $100,000. Similar special appeals went out to dentists, small businessmen, and restaurant owners. A Goldwater finance aide said recently that almost forty per cent of the money received at Washington headquarters came from supporters who contributed less than $500. "We're making political financing history for a preconvention campaign," another aide said prior to San Francisco, adding that normally eighty-five per cent or more of the money raised to finance a Presidential nomination originates with a small clique of the candidate's wealthiest supporters.

Four days before the California primary, when funds from inside the state had been used up, a nationwide telephone money-raising campaign brought in $200,000 to finance the needed final burst of television programs. Of that total, $700 came from the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee. "That was my responsibility," Committee Chairman Senator Thruston Morton said recently, explaining this apparent breach in the group's impartial stand among Presidential candidates. "A check came from New York City with a letter saying $700 of the amount should go to the Goldwater for President Committee. I should have sent [the check] back, but we were so desperate for funds I took $700 out for Goldwater and kept the balance for our purposes." A second telephone fund-raising "blitz" after the California victory and a third, just prior to the convention, raised a good portion of the more than $250,000 needed to finance the extensive Goldwater operations in San Francisco.

The amazing ability of the Goldwater name to bring in small contributions was again illustrated during the convention. Three days before the conclave officially opened, the Arizonan's supporters told radio reporter Fulton Lewis III that funds were needed to support the final nomination drive. A resulting broadcast by the Mutual network produced over ten thousand letters with contributions ranging from pennies to hundreds of dollars for the Goldwater convention operations. In less than a week they had totaled an estimated $60,000.

Goldwater's Gold Miners

Many people are quick to attribute the Republican Party's current financial problems either to diversion of their normal contributions into the preconvention campaigns or to hesitancy on the part of party moderates to support the Goldwater candidacy. Party fund-raising professionals dispute these conclusions. They note that the 1952 prenomination campaigns of Senator Robert A. Taft and of General Eisenhower cost almost as much as today's, yet there was plenty of money available after the convention to support the Presidential campaign. In line with this thinking, just prior to last month's convention the national Republican Finance Committee increased its budget to permit purchase of an additional $1.5 million of television time this fall, counting on the Goldwater ability to draw funds from more and more contributors to meet the additional costs.

As for liberal Republican contributors holding back, one Eisenhower administration official recently noted: "A lot of Barry's admirers are richer than Croesus. . . . The liberals are less likely to contribute a lot," but there "will be an upsurge from large pro-Goldwater fortunes."

It is no surprise that both the regular Republican fund-raising effort and the Goldwater preconvention financing campaign put greater stress than usual on partisan mail solicitation of new contributors. Few persons—less than six per cent of those voting in 1960—bother to contribute to political campaigns, and over the years the large contributors have become increasingly important to both parties and individual candidates. For his part, the big contributor wants to have a winner. Few political professionals would disagree with the statement of a former Republican Party treasurer who said recently: "It's always hard to collect money for the party out of power with the polls against you." Perhaps the Republicans' present ef-

forts to develop a broader base of financial support for their party by applying market-research techniques to various income groups will prove beneficial to the entire campaign financing system. After all, as distasteful as it seems to treat a voter like a potential buyer, it is far better than having large contributors treat candidates as potential commodities.

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The Venezuelan Miracle

The former president describes his country's defense of democracy against subversion from both Right and Left

ROMULO BETANCOURT

On July 26, the eleventh anniversary of the founding of Fidel Castro's revolutionary movement, the Organization of American States voted overwhelmingly to condemn Cuba's acts of aggression against Venezuela. All the member American governments—with the single exception of Mexico—have now acknowledged the acts of Cuban subversion, and fifteen of these governments have also voted mandatory sanctions against the aggressor. Moreover, the obligation to carry out the sanctions falls not only on those governments which voted in favor of them but also on those which abstained or voted against.

These measures—the suspension of diplomatic relations and an economic boycott—will have worldwide repercussions. The non-Communist governments of Europe and America still trading with Communist Cuba must now think carefully before continuing to defy the democratic consensus of the Americas. The countries most directly attacked by Cuba —Venezuela above all—can now be expected to undertake an articulate and vigorous boycott against the ships and products of any country that continues to traffic with Castro's government.

The results of the foreign ministers' meeting prove that the machinery of the inter-American system can be effective when governments with faith in collective action are disposed to invoke it. Such, indeed, was the reaction of the Venezuelan government when it indicted Cuba for threatening the peace of the Americas by subversion and terrorism designed to prevent a democratic election from taking place in Venezuela.

The world's attention was focused on Venezuela last December. For the first time in the country's one hundred and fifty years of independence, a freely elected president had completed his constitutional five-year term and the election of a successor was about to take place. The election was peaceful. Three million people—ninety-four per cent of the electorate, literate and illiterate—voted for seven candidates, and Dr. Raúl Leoni was elected. On March 11, 1964, I invested the man who was to succeed me with the sash of head of state. Even the defeated candidates agreed that the elections had been free of any semblance of fraud or the illegal support of any candidate by the government. Thus Venezuela demonstrated that the exercise of responsible representative government is not limited exclusively to the Anglo-Saxon

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world. Moreover, we Venezuelans also proved that democracy can defend itself against Communist and reactionary subversion.

The government over which I presided between 1959 and 1964 began under the best of auspices. I had obtained a comfortable plurality of forty-nine per cent of all votes cast for three candidates. A coalition of parties representing ninety per cent of the voters made up the cabinet and supported the government in both houses of congress. These parties were the Acción Democrática, which I founded in 1947; the Unión Repúblicana Democrática; and the Social-Cristiano Copei. The unhappy memories of ten years of tyranny produced both hope and faith in this new democratic experiment. But there were serious problems to be dealt with. Some were of local origin; others were the result of outside influence.

Social demands that had long been repressed burst forth tumultuously. Encouraged by the Communists, 200,000 unemployed took to the streets, insisting that the government find some magical way in a matter of weeks to solve problems accumulated over decades of corrupt and incompetent régimes. Even in the ranks of the government parties there was doubt and frustration because the administration was not striding with seven-league boots.

First Trujillo, Then Castro

Before long a reactionary conspiracy against the government was formed. Encouragement, arms, and operational bases in Santo Domingo were provided by the dictator Rafael Leónidas Trujillo. With the direct assistance of the despotic Dominican régime, a military rebellion erupted in San Cristóbal, in the west near the Colombian border, in January, 1960. Loyal forces subdued it, and all over the country crowds poured into the streets, expressing their determination to defend the constitution. After this episode, my country denounced Trujillo and his régime before the Organization of American States. Trujillo's reply shocked the Americas. Some of his men threw a bomb at my automobile on June 24, 1960. A colonel, the head of the military household of the presidency, died beside me. I myself and the others with me suffered serious wounds. For many months I directed the government from a sickbed, with both hands badly burned, my left eardrum damaged, and my vision severely impaired.

Meanwhile, Fidel Castro's peculiar régime had been installed. It was not at all congenial to me and, during the course of a meeting in Caracas in late January, 1959, I told Castro that it would be impossible for my government to co-operate with him in what he called "a master play against the gringos." He wanted a loan of $300 million from Venezuela to free his government from dependence on the U.S. sugar-market quota, loans from U.S. banks, and international credit agencies.

Several incidents contributed to the deterioration of relations between Caracas and Havana. When "Che" Guevara and Raúl Castro tried to attend a public meeting commemorating the anniversary of the Russian Revolution sponsored by the Communist Party in Caracas in 1960, they were forbidden to enter the country. And when the Cuban government began shooting political opponents and filling jails with political prisoners, my government, true to its principles, reacted as it had to the similar procedures employed by Trujillo. We publicly protested these repressive measures and reaffirmed our support of the efforts of the Peace Commission of the OAS to stop this display of contempt for human dignity and freedom.

After Trujillo's assassination and the Cuban government's open espousal of Communist ideology and its transformation into just one more satellite in the Soviet constellation, Castro became the chief supplier of money, arms, and instructions to the enemies of Venezuelan democracy. Havana became the conspiratorial and supply center of the Venezuelan Communist Party, its allies, and its accomplices. Activists specializing in sabotage, bank holdups, and assassination were trained in Cuba. A wave of terrorism swept the country.

At first, nobody in Venezuela could believe—and let this be a warning to other countries—that time bombs, exploded in crowded places without regard for how many would be killed or wounded, would be used as a political instrument. It never occurred to Venezuelans that their own countrymen, backed by foreign governments, could machine-gun policemen in the back from speeding cars. No one could believe that under the cynical euphemism of "revolutionary expropriation" political groups could rob banks, or that these avowed "leftists" could promote armed insurrections with the help of reactionary military officers on the retired lists. But the Communists did all of this, fomenting two insurrections at the navy bases of Carúpano and Puerto Cabello in 1962 that were subdued at the cost of many casualties.

Far from concealing their role, the Cubans publicly and boastfully proclaimed their support of the pyromaniacs and dynamiters who were doing their bidding. Venezuela was a coveted prize that Castro wanted to offer to his master, Nikita Khrushchev. For one thing, Venezuela produces three million barrels of oil a day. Furthermore, Venezuela holds out to the developing Latin-American countries a pattern of economic growth, social change, and freedom that contrasts dramatically with the bankruptcy in production, backwardness in welfare, and firing

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squads of Cuba. At the top of their lungs the despots proclaimed that the Venezuelan experiment had to be destroyed.

Blas Roca, the spokesman for the Cuban Communist Party, declared in a speech in Havana on January 24, 1963: "When the people of Venezuela are victorious, when they get their total independence from imperialism, then all America will take fire, all America will push forward, all America will be liberated once and for all from the ominous yoke of Yankee imperialism. Their fight helps us today, and their victory will mean a tremendous boost for us. We will no longer be a solitary island of the Caribbean facing the Yankee imperialists, for we will have land support on the continent."

And on April 19, 1962, Fidel Castro exultantly predicted that my government would be overthrown within a year.

Fighting Back

This internal and external offensive did not intimidate my government. We returned blow for blow, and at the same time created specialized units to defend the public order against this new and insidious type of subversion. After a dangerous period in which stunned surprise produced a kind of public paralysis, the country was roused by a test of its nerve in the form of fires, dynamite blasts, and cowardly murders. I appealed to the people by television and radio, insisting that the fight against organized crime was not only the duty of the government but of the whole nation. I said many times that democracy is not a lax, weak, and foolish mechanism, incapable of defending itself against those who would destroy it. I recalled that Mussolini had been able to establish Fascism in Italy because of the inability of the parliamentary régime to deal with the Blackshirts before it was too late. I recommended the reading of Shirer's *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, which tells how the Weimar Republic fell before Hitler's Nazi gangs because of its lack of decisiveness in facing and shackling them when that was still possible. The bookstores sold every copy in stock.

Besieged by the internal offensive

of several groups of militarist organizations that had been trained and armed by Havana, the Venezuelan government broke diplomatic relations with Castro and barred all ships that had docked in Cuban ports. At the OAS meeting in Punta del Este, we were among the fourteen nations that voted to exclude the Cuban régime from the inter-American community. In October, 1962, when it was evident that Cuba had been transformed into a Soviet base for medium- and intermediate-range offensive missiles, my government was the first in Latin America to mobilize its armed forces, and was one of the two governments that sent warships, planes, and a submarine—our only submarine—to take part in the blockade of the island.

And of course it was at our request that the meeting of the OAS foreign ministers was held in Washington last month to consider charges that Castro had clandestinely landed four tons of arms on our northwest coast for the purpose of producing a blood bath in Caracas and disrupting the elections that were held on December 1, 1963. After the arms were seized, a special OAS commission —formed by Argentina, Uruguay, Costa Rica, Colombia, and the United States—went to Venezuela on December 8, 1963, to examine them and determine their origin. This commission confirmed what had already been established by the Venezuelan government, i.e., that on the basis of the evidence of manufacturers in Italy, Belgium, and the United States, the arms must have been smuggled in from Cuba. There were not only automatic pistols and submachine guns, but mortars, NATO type rifles, bazookas, recoilless cannon, demolition charges, and thousands of rounds of ammunition.

The thirty-one submachine guns and the eighty-one automatic rifles, together with ammunition, came from a lot sold to Cuba in 1959 by the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre of Belgium. According to the general manager and the president of that company, only in the Cuban arsenals and nowhere else were arms with such special characteristics made to the buyer's specifications to be found. Evidence from the Italian government and the Società Apparecchiature Produzioni Rappresentanze Impianti (S.A.P.R.I.) indicated that the twenty bazookas were part of a lot sold to the Cuban government in December, 1959. And the U.S. government offered proof that the cannon and mortars were part of a lot delivered to the Cuban government during the Batista period.

Other convincing proof of the origin of the contraband was obtained. The craft that carried it ashore was found in the same spot as the war material: it was a sixteen-foot aluminum boat with a Johnson outboard motor manufactured by a Canadian firm, which stated that this motor had been flown from an exporting agency of Montreal to Havana on October 1, 1963. It was consigned to the Cuban National Institute of Agrarian Reform, Poultry Section, precisely one month before it was found in the Paraguaná Peninsula of Venezuela. Castro once dedicated one of his interminable televised speeches to a discourse on the fatness of the Marxist-Leninist chickens of the future and to an explanation of why those of the present were all bones and feathers: the pip had done them in. Another explanation may lie in the fact that the poultry section of the Cuban National Institute of Agrarian Reform is not concentrating all its efforts on promoting poultry production if it is busy smuggling arms into Latin America.

WHEN discovery of the arms cache was revealed in Havana, official comment was limited to a state-

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ment that the arsenal had been placed there by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency with the complicity of my government. This attitude was supplemented by an insult to all the American governments. When the president of the OAS investigating commission, Ambassador Rodolfo A. Weidmann of Argentina, offered the Cuban government an opportunity to answer the accusations, the Cuban foreign minister rejected "the note of the investigating commission because of its cynicism." He repeated the same old story about the meddling of the CIA and denied that the OAS had any jurisdiction over Venezuelan-Cuban relations "because of its status as colonial ministry for the State Department." Thus *all* members of the OAS are called appendages of this "colonial ministry"—and this from people who never get tired of yelling, "Long live the Soviet chains!"

A few weeks ago, an account of a conversation held in Moscow between the Soviet premier and William Benton, publisher of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, appeared in the U.S. press. There were some very vague allusions to the Cuban arms that had been discovered in Venezuela. Since I am a friend of former Senator Benton's, I asked him for a firsthand version. He has informed me that Khrushchev insisted the Soviet and the Communist Party take no part in the encouragement of revolutionary agitation. "I said, 'Let's take Venezuela,' " Mr. Benton wrote to me in his account of the conversation. " 'President Betancourt was a legally elected president of a democratic régime which we in the United States respected and admired. An effort made to assassinate him was traced back to Castro and Cuba. The Cubans further sought to foment revolution and shipped arms into Venezuela.' The Chairman did not let me continue. He waved his hand at me and said emphatically, 'Who placed the arms in Venezuela? Was it Castro? Was it the CIA?' I laughed. The chairman laughed. Yes, he laughed many times during the interview. He has a very good sense of humor. And he added with another laugh, 'Both things could have happened.' "

There would have been very little laughter in my country if these arms had reached the hands of the Venezuelan agents of Castro. Many dead, hundreds of wounded, dozens of buildings destroyed—these would have been the tragic consequences for Caracas. This arsenal, you must understand, was not intended for the small bands of self-styled guerrillas who flee from the farmers, the armed forces, and their own sense of failure by hiding out in the inaccessible caverns of the Sierra de Coro. These arms were dispatched for the use of activists trained in Cuba to execute a surprise massacre among the population of our nation's capital.

Several days after the discovery of the arms in Paraguaná, the Venezuelan police arrested Luis E. Sánchez Madero, one of the heads of FALN, the paramilitary Communist organization. He had traveled to Cuba many times under different names with forged passports and through the rather casual transit customs inspections of Mexico and Brazil. He had in his possession a detailed description of the strategic posts—the terraces of high buildings and other places—where weapons of great firepower were to be placed at D-Hour. It was symptomatic of the criminal insanity of the planning group behind the Caracas operation that the mortars and machine guns were to be placed in the corridors of a maternity hospital where the lives of about four hundred women and their babies would be threatened. Other weapons were to be placed at the intersections of the most crowded avenues, where terror and death could have reached unpredictable magnitude. All these documents, written in the hand of Sánchez Madero, were photocopied and included in the report of the OAS investigating commission.

'I Will Not Deviate'

During our fight against attack from both Right and Left, my government never abandoned democratic procedures. There were no firing-squad executions, because the Venezuelan constitution forbids the death penalty. We did suspend the activities of the Communist Party and its twin, the Revolutionary Movement of the Left (MIR). But we had no authority to do more, and my government requested a ruling from our supreme court on the illegality of both organizations. The court validated the government's measures.

The two Communist senators and seven representatives, elected on the slate of a candidate whom I had defeated in the elections, were the heads of the rebellion, acting with impunity behind the protection of their parliamentary immunity; it was necessary to order their arrest under the charge of rebellion, and they were duly prosecuted and sent to jail. Democracy cannot defend itself by adopting the methods of dictatorship; we could not create respect for the law in a country where the will of despots had ruled for so many years without following the law to the letter and avoiding the short cut of official repression.

This method of neutralizing both reactionary and Communist subversion was commented on by President Kennedy during the active correspondence we maintained from the time he entered the White House until that tragic day last November. A paragraph of my letter of May 9, 1962, said:

"We are hitting both groups, reactionaries and Communists, in earnest and in depth, in conformity with the constitution and the law. Our means are no more expeditious than those in the United States and other countries where the representative form of government prevails. We have laws, courts, and legal procedures that work slowly and not always efficiently. But the measures will become more and more active and will be perfected without violating legal standards. The impatient ones would like us to go beyond the written law—and even beyond the unwritten but overriding law of respect for human dignity. I will not, however, deviate from the course laid down for me by the fundamental law of Venezuela and by my own conscience."

The final results proved that the policy was a sound one. The most dangerous Communist agents, as well as many of their allies from the extremist Right, have received sentences of up to twenty years in prison. And there is now a general sentiment in Venezuela of enduring repudiation toward all native Communists and their mentors in Havana. It would be difficult to find another country as immune as Vene-

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zuela to the totalitarian virus that Cuba exports along with money and arms to Latin America. This is why the elections of December, 1963, and the subsequent transfer of power took place in perfect order.

An excessive amount of personal credit has been given to me for what is now called the "Venezuelan miracle." I am certain that ascribing a government's success to the skill of one man does not serve the truth. Moreover, it downgrades the chances that what has been accomplished in my country could take place elsewhere under similar conditions.

To adopt an attitude of extreme modesty would be hypocritical and would undervalue the role of leadership. I do not deny that a part of myself is deeply embedded in the recent history of my country. But it must be made clear that an arithmetical computation of the strengths and weaknesses of a particular political leader is not the key to understanding the events taking place in a country. The factors are more complex than that.

The basic fact that explains the survival of democracy in Venezuela against all attempts to destroy it is that it had the support of the decisive majority of all Venezuelans. The people—and I mean this in all sincerity even if the phrasing may seem grandiloquent—have been the great heroes of this campaign. Perhaps other democracies can benefit from learning the reasons why this majority faithfully and unhesitatingly supported my administration.

For one thing, the government did not limit itself to maintaining civil liberties but also encouraged profound changes in the antiquated and inequitable social institutions of the country. It did not simply administer the *status quo* for the profit and perpetuation of a few. Instead, it eliminated vicious profiteering by politicians, vigorously promoted economic development and orderly fiscal policies, and offered vast segments of society opportunities for jobs, land, and education. In this way, it demonstrated that even while it is defending itself, democracy can grow and expand to meet the needs and aspirations of the people.

De Gaulle's Romanian Gambit

EDMOND TAYLOR

Paris

President de Gaulle rarely passes up the opportunity offered by his press conferences to deliver some telling thrusts at Communist positions around the world. Last month's performance proved no exception, though the rough handling he gave his own allies, especially the Germans, seems to have distracted attention from this important aspect of Gaullist policy. France's western partners took some painful raps on the skull; what the Communists got was a thin blade between the ribs. No faction within the Communist camp was spared. The Soviet western empire was the main target of de Gaulle's attacks, but Peking had less reason to gloat than most press accounts of the conference implied. While paying lip service to the vocabulary of coexistence, de Gaulle launched what was in effect a major political attack skillfully designed to widen the divisions in the Communist camp. De Gaulle's tactics undeniably threaten western as well as eastern unity, and the strategy underlying them involves the acceptance of risks that may have been calculated overoptimistically. By no stretch of the imagination, however, can he be charged with having adopted a "no-win" attitude toward Communism. The campaign upon which he has embarked is intended not to woo the enemy but to rout him; it is as far removed from the defeatist sophistication in certain Washington circles as it is from the hairy-chested oversimplifications that many followers of Senator Goldwater seem to equate with a strategy of victory.

Nothing illustrates better both the subtlety and the boldness of de Gaulle's concept of political warfare than his present drive to undermine Soviet and build up French influence behind the Iron Curtain. Despite his keen personal interest in Poland, where he served as a French military adviser after the First World War, de Gaulle appears to regard Central and above all Southeastern Europe as constituting the most promising theatre at this time. The French president remains wholly committed both to the goal of European unity and to the close co-operation between France and Germany that he has long insisted is its indispensable cornerstone. But while waiting for German and European opinion to evolve, de Gaulle seems to have

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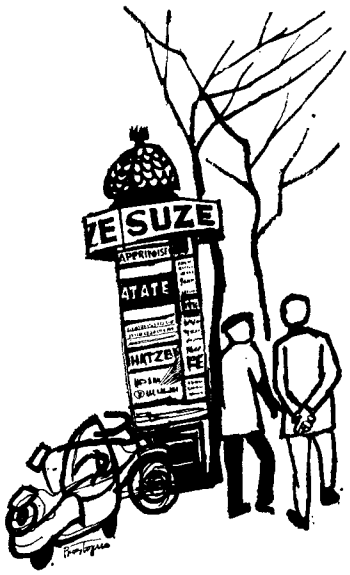
decided to forget about European unity for the time being—he never forgets about anything permanently—and give short-term priority to long-standing but previously somewhat neglected objectives of his diplomacy. The general's criticisms of Bonn's foreign policy as being subordinated to Washington interests and the formidable list he drew at his press conference of Franco-German policy disagreements—including several apparently never broached seriously by the two governments—were therefore intended not so much to put pressure on Chancellor Erhard as to give de Gaulle a free hand for launching a French *Drang nach Osten*.

Up to now France has been inhibited in attempting any ambitious diplomatic maneuvers in Eastern and Central Europe by West German touchiness over the problem of Germany's postwar frontiers. At the same time, the close tie with Bonn has rendered France somewhat suspect in the eyes of the satellite nations. This was no doubt why de Gaulle went out of his way at the press conference to stress Franco-German differences over the frontiers issue and to give the impression that France had been gravely disturbed by Bonn's failure to quench German irredentism more effectively. Championing European independence more defiantly than ever against both American and Russian hegemony served a similar purpose, all the more so since de Gaulle knew that the captive nations of Europe feel that Washington's interest in their eventual liberation has been subordinated to the East-West détente.

De Gaulle's gibes at the Soviet Union were as scientifically calculated as his slurs on his NATO allies. It was not merely to flex his oratorical muscles that he derided Soviet Russia as "the last and the largest colonial power of this time," that he bluntly referred to the Warsaw Pact members as "satellites it has subjugated by force," that he taunted the Communist régime for its failure, despite enormous efforts, to improve "the standard of living, the satisfaction and the dignity of men in comparison with the system applied in Western Europe which combines state controls with freedom." Neither was it to encourage complacency and appeasement that de Gaulle underscored the breakdown of monolithic Communism and the Chinese threat to the Soviet Union. He still supports a defensive alliance in the North Atlantic, although he views it from his own special perspective. "Undoubtedly [Europe] should maintain an alliance with America . . . so long as the Soviet threat remains," the general remarked. "But the reasons that made this alliance a form of subordination for Europe are fading away day by day."

De Gaulle repeated his favorite argument against the U.S. monopoly of nuclear weapons within the alliance. He said that the United States and Russia have achieved a balance of terror but that "This balance really covers only them and not the other countries of the world, even when they are linked to one or the other of the two colossal powers." The novelty is in the "or the other," for this time de Gaulle warns Khrushchev's vassals that their overlord's awesome nuclear canopy covers only him, not them, thereby unveiling a new weapon in the West's arsenal of subversion. De Gaulle is undoubtedly the free world's most formidable political warrior—to the degree that his sights can be kept trained on the enemy—though the fact he has the field all to himself for the present makes him look even larger than life.

The general realized that his most subversive or unsettling formulations would not reach the masses behind the Iron Curtain: each Communist government would play up at home or abroad the passages that provided ammunition for its own propaganda and try to black out the rest. But in a public statement so packed with significant information from the viewpoint of the power elites in the Soviet orbit, de Gaulle also knew that every sentence, every phrase, every word would be painstakingly studied and long reflected upon by the audience he was most interested in.



The Fuss over Maurer

Of course de Gaulle does not make the elementary mistake of thinking that political warfare, any more than other kind can be won with words alone. His press conference, insofar as it was aimed at the Communist world, was merely intended to support other techniques of influence, ranging from classic diplomatic or economic procedures to less orthodox maneuvers of various kinds that are already under way or will soon be launched. The immediate target of all these French pressures and incitements is Romania, the most unruly of all the Soviet satellites—if, indeed, it can still be considered a satellite.

The French have no illusions about how rapidly the cause of personal freedom can be expected to progress in the Romanian People's Republic, but they are satisfied that its leaders' recent gestures of defiance toward the Kremlin reflect at the very least an authentic desire to boss their own people with no outside dictation. De Gaulle means to do everything he can to encourage the Romanian desire for independence as well as to exploit it in various ways in France's interest. This is why the Romanian premier, Ion Gheorghe Maurer, the No. 2 man of the régime, was invited to Paris and why a good deal of fuss was made over him when he arrived here last month at the head of an imposing official delegation. Maurer's top aides had already visited the United States, Italy, and Austria, while an economic mission has recently returned to Bucharest from West Germany. But it was the first time that Maurer had visited a non-Communist capital as premier.

Maurer's trip undoubtedly reflects

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Romanian hopes—which are likely to be fulfilled—of obtaining substantial French commercial credits to bolster the country's policy of independence, but it probably also manifested some willingness to reinforce the present Franco-Romanian ties. There is nothing very surprising about this. France was an ally of Romania before the war; it remains an important customer; de Gaulle's truculent independence with regard to his own allies strikes a responsive chord in the Romanian breast; there are many cultural bonds between the two peoples; and above all, the Romanians have no reason to fear French interference in their internal affairs. France's economic resources are no match for America's, though de Gaulle may be more free politically and more willing to concentrate a relatively higher portion of them on helping Romania than is President Johnson. Of course the French nuclear deterrent will not be much protection to Romania if Khrushchev should decide to get tough, but then neither is the American one likely to be.

The atmosphere of the Franco-Romanian talks was pointed up by the unusually enthusiastic press statement issued by Maurer after he was received at the Elysée on July 28. Stressing the political as well as the economic aspect of the encounter, the Romanian premier spoke of a "continuing intensification" of Franco-Romanian relations and declared that this development would "serve the grand cause of peace and of international collaboration."

Commenting on the new trend of Gaullist policy in a lecture at Vichy, Maurice Schumann, president of the foreign affairs committee of the National Assembly and one of the most authoritative exegetes of Gaullist diplomatic doctrines, declared that the general's refusal to consider the Communist world as a monolithic bloc offered the West its best chance in twenty years. "Prudent exploitation of the Sino-Soviet split is the best and perhaps only chance of speeding the peaceful liberation of the captive nations," Schumann averred, citing the new Franco-Romanian relationship as an example of what such exploitation implied.

President de Gaulle appears to be willing to gamble that the imperative of the East-West détente will prevent Khrushchev from sending Soviet tanks into Romania as he did into Hungary. So, more remarkably, do the Romanians themselves.

It is perhaps the first time that western and Iron Curtain leaders have seemed ready to join in exploiting coexistence against Soviet interests instead of in support of them. This may not quite be brinkmanship, but it looks like something close to it. For as de Gaulle well knows, if Romania can make good its break from the Communist camp, the example might be contagious and a general breakout would confront Khrushchev with an aggravated repetition of the Hungarian dilemma. That, no doubt, is why he has chosen to minimize the implications of Romania's insubordination, why Washington has also avoided showing too much interest in the affair, and why de Gaulle, while piously disclaiming any intent to intervene in Soviet-Romanian relations, seems determined to dramatize and maximize its importance.

Whether he will push his political-warfare campaign against the Soviet colonial empire to the point where it represents either a threat to peace or a hope for freedom is impossible to say. It is also impossible to say whether its potential results counterbalance the damage that de Gaulle seems willing to inflict on western unity and particularly on the cause of Western European unification. But, in spite of everything, the most fundamental of all his foreign-policy commitments is still his own vision of Europe's future.

Asia Is Another Story

De Gaulle's political strategy in Southeast Asia seems even harder to evaluate, except to say that its divisive implications for the West appear even greater and its potential rewards more doubtful. But whatever the drawbacks of this strategy, in pursuing it de Gaulle is not pursuing the neutralist chimera of acting as a broker. The French do seem resigned to the eventual triumph of some form of Communism in all Vietnam, but they also seem no less honestly convinced that Vietnam—or at least South Vietnam—could be built into an independent Communist state like Romania. The formula for achieving this remarkable result is still extremely hazy, but it appears to involve a subtle balancing of South Vietnamese against North Vietnamese nationalist aspirations, of both against the traditional oppressors in China, and, last but by no means least, of Khrushchev against Mao. The Soviets, whom de Gaulle seeks to ease out of Eastern Europe, would be brought increasingly into Southeast Asia as a *de facto* ally against the Chinese, whom de Gaulle by other policies is seeking to strengthen. The new Geneva conference proposed by de Gaulle and also by Mao would be the crucible for this alchemy; and France, returning in triumph to the theatre of former humiliations, would be the indispensable catalyst. It is understandable that President Johnson has not yet been won over to such an intricate product of the strategic imagination.

One thing can be said for de Gaulle: if he is wrong in this case, as he probably is, it is not because he is deluded by the myth of French grandeur, but because as a man of the West he, like ourselves, has never fully understood the Asian mind.

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The South Learns to Live With the Civil-Rights Law

PAT WATTERS

ATLANTA

ON THE NIGHT of July 2, two hours after President Johnson signed the civil-rights bill, the president of the big and elegant Heart of Atlanta Motel appeared at the home of the chief clerk of the Federal court here to file a suit attacking the constitutionality of the new law. The next day, three Negroes seeking service at the Pickrick Restaurant were driven away by a crowd of men, women, and children wielding ax handles, with the proprietor himself waving a pistol. In the center of downtown Atlanta, all of the large plate-glass windows of Leb's Restaurant were covered over with messages in bold handwriting, signed by the owner, Charles Lebedin: "Dear Friends: The law forces me to serve Communist-led hoodlums. . . ."

The real mood of the city was perhaps more clearly revealed at a small short-order house downtown: a Negro college student walked in and carefully seated himself on the stool farthest from two white men eating their hamburgers. As he gave his order, one of the men said loudly for his benefit: "Look at that smart aleck there now, would you?" His companion remarked, "You damn well better get used to it. They'll be every place from now on."

The president of the motel and the owner of the Pickrick Restaurant were in Federal court within two weeks in the first historic testings of the new law. But as important as this made their acts of defiance, they were not so significant as the indications in the city of a surprisingly general acceptance of the law, a willingness to live with it, even if at some levels this mood was expressed in grudging and grumbling terms.

Atlanta, of course, is not the whole South. But elsewhere, too, there was less defiance and violence than had been feared, more willingness to accept the new law than had been expected. Segregation bastions like Birmingham and Jackson saw some compliance, and many of the small towns of the South did too. The leaders of die-hard opposition to change did not altogether prevail in Alabama and Mississippi, and the new voices of political responsibility were heard throughout Georgia. Atlanta's Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr., and Governor Carl E. Sanders had promptly urged compliance. More striking, Senator Herman E. Talmadge, who had consistently down the years damned the Supreme Court desegregation decisions, spoke up for acceptance of the act of Congress. In a state where Talmadge is still for many the fount of respectable opinion, this had a large effect where it was most needed. Then, a week after the end of his long battle on the issue, Senator Richard B. Russell declared: "It is the understatement of the year to say that I do not like this statute. However, it is on the books and it becomes our duty as good citizens to learn to live with it for as long as it is there."

THERE HAD BEEN elaborate preparation for compliance in Atlanta, as part of a Southwide effort coordinated by the Southern Regional Council of Atlanta and the Potomac Institute of Washington. There was also the effect of behind-the-scenes work by a committee of businessmen, also Southwide, headed by Julius Manger, chairman of the Manger hotel chain, which operated with the full co-operation of the White House and the Department of Justice.

Taking the lead in Atlanta's preparations were Cecil Alexander, an architect, and Robert Wood, general counsel in the Southeast for Sears, Roebuck. Both are members of the Mayor's Coordinating Committee, a trouble-shooting body on race relations. The program it suggested to owners of the sort of public accommodations covered by the law and to civic and political leaders included public statements urging compliance, plans for testing, and definition of the role of the police. The statements poured forth, including some very important ones from the city and state restaurant, hotel, and motel associations. Ed Negri, the owner of Herren's Restaurant, which desegregated voluntarily last year, said the board of directors of the Atlanta Restaurant Association had quite a struggle drafting their statement. But unanimity on compliance was finally reached. The association represents some three hundred of the city's thousand or so eating places. Some of the board members were upset, Negri said, but most seemed to feel: "It's the law. We'll do our best to obey it—but with great trepidation." Their greatest fear was of losing white business. They also feared avalanches of Negroes and the loss of their white employees. None of these fears turned out to have any basis.

One restaurant owner who opposed the bill was trying to decide

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what to do when he saw the Pickrick episode on television. He told his wife that that did it: "I'm not going to make an ass of myself." Another said he would serve Negroes, but would "put 'em in a corner, give 'em super service, and rush 'em out." Do that, another told him, "and you'll get twenty more the next day. They'll kill you. Do like me. I give 'em the same lousy food and service I give everybody else."

Under the onslaughts of various demonstration campaigns, including a full-scale crisis last winter, perhaps twenty Atlanta restaurants had desegregated prior to the enactment of the law. Negri had been the most outspoken about doing so. He said his Negro diners had averaged about six a day, and this was not changed by the law. And he said he had gained back at least one of the white customers he lost when he desegregated. "He came in the other day after a year, and said, 'Well, it's like this everywhere now.' "

A Few Trouble Spots

Preparations also included meetings with business leaders to get pressure for compliance and police protection. And Partners for Progress, an organization of women intent on civic duty, sent out teams in pretty hats and white gloves to dine at segregated restaurants and then urge the owners to comply. A member of one team said reactions varied, but most owners seemed grateful for a way out. "One man told about fighting in the Pacific, and believing in integration, and even letting interracial groups use a private dining room secretly," she said. "But he wouldn't integrate without the law for fear of losing business."

Mayor Allen and others met with the Atlanta Summit Conference, a committee of Negro organization leaders. Allen, unique among Southern mayors, had supported the civil-rights bill from the beginning, and the Negroes accepted his suggestion that they test in small numbers and stay away from holdout places until a broad pattern of compliance had been established. George Bess of the National Urban League's regional office, who served as co-ordinator of testing for the Summit, said four places were considered the most likely trouble spots.

The three ministerial students who first tested one of them—the Pickrick—hadn't heard about the Summit agreement. They are Albert Dunn, Woodrow Lewis, and George Willis, all of the African Methodist Episcopal Church and all students at the Atlanta Interdenominational Theological Center. "It was spontaneous," according to Dunn, who is connected with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and was in the freedom rides and various other demonstrations. The other two had demonstrated only in Atlanta. They had come from a classroom discussion of existentialism, and afterward began talking about the implications of the new law. "The only way a man can be free is to have freedom within the man," Dunn said. "Organizations in the past have taken responsibility. But the bill places the responsibility back on the individual." On the spur of the moment, they decided to drive to the Pickrick and "get some of that chicken." Lester Maddox, the owner and an unsuccessful seeker of city and state office, advertises cheap skillet-fried chicken each Saturday in the Atlanta papers, along with his ultra-rightist, shrilly segregationist views. The three were met by the crowd with their ax handles. "We were very calm," Dunn said. "If I had run, I'd have been hit." Yelling at them to get off his property, Maddox pulled the pistol, apparently from his waistband, and they left. The three Negroes filed the Federal court suit, seeking an injunction against discrimination at the Pickrick. Maddox was also bound over at an arraignment hearing for trial in Fulton County Criminal Court on charges of pointing a pistol at another person.

The other three places considered likely trouble spots were the Heart of Atlanta, which had been the scene of a turbulent sit-in last winter; Leb's, where the most tense and bitter sit-ins occurred; and the Henry Grady Hotel, which over the years has stubbornly fought off Negro contentions of a right to service on the pretext that the hotel stands on state property.

After Moreton Rolleston, Jr., the president of Heart of Atlanta, filed his suit, A. R. Sampson, executive secretary of the Atlanta branch of the NAACP, tried unsuccessfully to get a room there. But Negroes have been served in the dining room.

A Negro student, Sheila Hatcher of Princeton, New Jersey, doing volunteer summer work with the Atlanta Council on Human Relations, tested Leb's, where she and a white companion were served what they ordered from the Jewish-cuisine menu. But Miss Hatcher drew the verbal wrath of Lebedin when she attempted to congratulate him for complying.

At least two parties of Negroes were served at the Henry Grady. One couple went to the main dining room, saw the prices, and decided to settle for the coffee shop. George Bess of the Urban League was in the other party. "It was very nice," he said. "We went in. You wouldn't have known we were Negroes. . . . We were looking for dirty silver, a special table off in a corner, lack of courtesy, a long waiting period. . . . There was none of this." Negroes were also served in Krystal hamburger places, which had stubbornly held out all during the winter, and at Morrison's Cafeterias, previously something of a Southwide symbol of resistance.

At one independent cafeteria, Negroes tested, liked the food and prices, and kept returning in increasing numbers. White customers began going to nearby competitors. The manager complained to the compliance co-ordinators; the next day there were Negroes at the competitors'.

A Time for Testing

A question that has to be raised in Atlanta (and even more so in the smaller cities and towns of the South) is how much the absence of trouble represents an absence of widespread testing. Something of this was suggested by Don McEvoy of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, who worked out of City Hall as co-ordinator of white efforts for compliance. He said he feared that after the most prominent places and the trouble spots were integrated, there would be little enthusiasm for testing. A week after the law had been in effect, he sent a memo to the Summit leaders. It listed twelve restaurants, including

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two chains, as definitely having been tested, "a very small percentage." He urged a systematic testing plan.

Most of the major hotels and motels had presented no great difficulties. Testing of others, including all those on nearby highways, remained to be done. Outside the Atlanta city limits but part of the Atlanta metropolitan area, forty communities within five counties comprise half of the area's population of one million. Mayor Allen had urged the Summit to test there, lest integrated places within the city lose customers to segregated ones outside. Efforts are being made to organize local Negro communities for this job.

Unlike Atlanta proper, most of these satellite communities had not already desegregated publicly owned facilities. In one, Decatur, two Negro boys of about twelve showed up one morning after passage of the law at a city-owned swimming pool. Could they come in? Yes, they were told, apparently on the spur of the moment. Could they go back and get two of their buddies? Why not? A few days later, the town announced that all its facilities were obeying the law. A few days after that, De Kalb County, of which Decatur is a part, announced the same thing. It operates eight pools. But when a swimming pool in suburban East Point allowed Negroes in, an angry crowd gathered, and that night dynamite was exploded in a vacant lot nearby. The town closed both of its swimming pools.

THE TWO SUITS in Federal court were handled promptly. Both the motel suit challenging the new law's constitutionality and the three Negroes' suit against the Pickrick's owner were heard by the same three-judge panel. Civil-rights advocates expressed relief that the precedent was being set here rather than in those parts of the South where Federal district judges have consistently ruled against integration. On July 22 the court ordered both the restaurant and the motel to admit Negroes within twenty days.

Burke Marshall, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department, said during the Atlanta hearings that the department would be filing other suits. Meanwhile, the SCLC filed one in St. Augustine, Florida, seeking an injunction against violence and intimidation toward Negroes and white owners who were obeying the law. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., warned that such violence and the failure of police to protect compliance could, if allowed to continue anywhere, develop as a pattern of defiance across the South. (The only other potential pattern at the outset was a conversion of hotels and motels to "private club" status. An SCLC spokesman said this had not become sufficiently prevalent to warrant a challenge in the courts.)

While the threat of violence does not loom large in Atlanta, there is certainly less reason for optimism in rural areas and small towns. One of the first places where violence broke out was Americus, a town of 13,500 in black-belt southwest Georgia. John Perdew, a young white leader of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee there and formerly a Harvard student, told Civil Rights Commission officials of his treatment in the initial testing of a restaurant just outside town. He said that he and a group of Negroes were served, but when they came out, a gang of white toughs was waiting. All the Negroes got away, but he was knocked down and kicked. Police came just after he was released. He told them what had happened and asked for a protective ride back to town. He said they refused. Three times on the walk back, whites in a car got out, knocked him down, and kicked him.

Later, white and Negro mobs faced each other around a desegregated movie theater in the town for several nights. Whites were also reported shooting and throwing rocks and firecrackers in Negro areas. SNCC complained to various levels of state and Federal government, warning that the situation was explosive. Then local police arrested fifteen white teen-agers. They were convicted and given stiff fines. Since then, according to Zev Aeloney, another white SNCC worker in Americus, the violence has ended. Negroes use the movie constantly, and also one downtown restaurant and one drive-in restaurant. They have been in all six of the town's major restaurants and all three drive-ins. "For the time being," he said, "we're over the hump."

The Lesson of a Decade

In several north Georgia towns, the Reverend Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Georgia Council on Human Relations reported strict police action against white toughs attempting to intimidate those testing the new law. Several chiefs of police made it clear that although they didn't care much for the new law, they were determined to keep order. Holmes, a Negro, drove through this rural and small-town area of Georgia, eating at restaurants for two days and encountering few difficulties. At a motel near Rome, a small city of textile mills and the usual strong segregationist tradition, the clerk explained that he really didn't have a room available, and suggested the hotel in town. There Holmes received "red carpet" treatment as the first Negro guest.

Negroes are not alone in their satisfaction. Many whites are actually relieved that the question has been taken out of their hands. And there is a general awareness of the lesson painfully learned over the past ten years in all but the two holdout states of Alabama and Mississippi—that the cost of defiance is ruinously high and the results negligible. With this and perhaps the growing Negro vote in mind, few governors or congressmen are urging their constituents to put up massive resistance, as some did ten years ago after the Supreme Court's school decision.

THERE IS, of course, no way to predict how much the present atmosphere of compliance will be affected by the Presidential aspirations of Senator Goldwater, whose candidacy has provided a special sort of encouragement to the forces of defiance and racism. But so far the South seems capable of avoiding the course of disgrace and disaster it followed on school desegregation. In cities like Atlanta, there is evident a willingness to be reasonable. Even in the smaller towns, such as Americus, all that is needed to nurture this attitude is society's normal maintenance of law and order.

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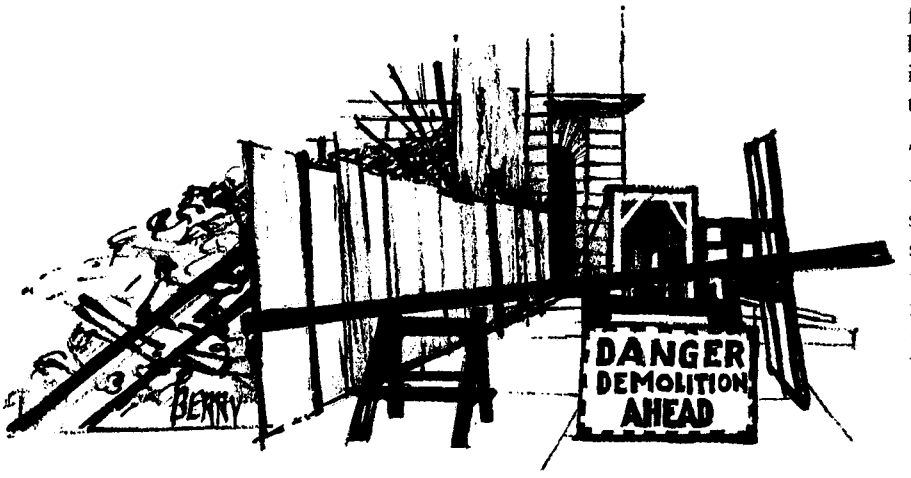

The Rise and Fall Of Jersey City

JOHN J. FARMER

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a giant named Frank Hague. For thirty years he reigned despotically as the mayor of Jersey City, dominating the state's Democratic Party, electing governors and U.S. senators, naming state and Federal judges, controlling state and county tax boards, and rising to vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. And he pulled the city he ruled out from under the shadow of New York City and into the national political spotlight.

Then, fifteen years ago, Jersey City's fairy-tale world turned upside down, and Frank Hague fell off. He was toppled from control in the 1949 city election by one of his own obscure ward leaders, John V. Kenny. The event gave rise to hopeful editorial speculation that a time for physical and spiritual renewal of Jersey City had arrived. It was idle speculation, and some residents have even been heard to remark in recent times that "What this town needs is another Hague."

What has happened to Jersey City since Hague's eclipse is that, with the exception of a few flamboyant moments it would rather forget, the city has become a stagnant backwater of American national life. Its voice in national Democratic politics is confined to the chorus, and even in state Democratic politics it is rarely heard above the crowd.

But this indignity is of less concern than the city's sorry financial plight. In the midst of the state's population boom (New Jersey has grown at a rate six per cent above the national average), Jersey City's figure has dropped from a peak of 316,715 in 1930 to about 276,100; its taxable wealth has fallen from $502 million to $459 million in the last fifteen years; its tax rate has nearly doubled; its middle class is vanishing; and heavy industry, with its jobs and tax dollars, is packing up and leaving.

Mayor Thomas J. Whelan says that the city needs a $100-million public-works program to repair or replace schools, fire and police stations, the giant Medical Center, and century-old wooden sewers. But it can't afford it. All but $16 million of the city's authorized borrowing capacity is exhausted, and even if the state approved expansion of the borrowing limit, the interest rates would be extremely high. "This town is bankrupt," Whelan said. "I just hope one of those old sewers doesn't cave in."

Whelan may overstate the case, but not by a great deal. The city's bankruptcy is as much political as financial. Urban decay plagues many old Eastern cities, but the affliction in Jersey City is aggravated by its recent history of political instability and its well-earned reputation for bully-boy politics.

The Bad New Days

Whelan's rise illustrates that instability. He is the fifth mayor Jersey City has had since 1949 and he wasn't even elected to the job. His fellow city councilmen picked him as mayor when his predecessor, Thomas Gangemi, resigned abruptly last October after it was discovered that he lacked what one observer called the only qualification to be mayor of Jersey City—citizenship. Gangemi, once a Hague man and later an ally of Kenny, was elected in 1961 at the climax of a reform movement. He was not the candidate the reformers had in mind, but then, reformers have never had the last word in Jersey City. Whelan, by contrast, is the first mayor in almost sixty years who did not rise through the ranks of the Democratic organization or its dissident factions. He was raised in Jersey City, so a certain awareness of local politics can be safely assumed. But his interest came alive a few years ago after a course in practical politics given by the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company, where he was chief of security. The reform movement of 1961 gave him his opening.

A fighter pilot in the Second World War, a junior executive in his early forties with five children and no political past, Whelan, on the surface, might have seemed just the kind of man the reformers were looking for. But they turned him down when he sought their endorsement for a seat on the city council. Since the search for new faces was on in all camps that year, however, Whelan landed on the Kenny-Gangemi ticket, and he won. Since last October he has presided over a city that is exhausted economically, if not politically, by the anarchy of the last fifteen years and the shortsightedness of the Hague era. The city's problems are being harvested by Hague's successors, but it was the Great Man himself who sowed them.

Jersey City was in decline while Hague was in his heyday. His considerable influence in the Roosevelt administration of the 1930's might

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have helped begin the rebuilding of the city, but Hague seems to have been blind to these needs. The one thing his influence in Washington did help bring the city, the Medical Center, is today its most onerous tax burden. The sprawling hospital complex, the size of something New York City might operate, runs at a $5-million annual deficit that adds about $12.50 to the tax rate.

Hague is also responsible for conditioning the city to a rich diet of political preferment no longer available. He built a payroll army at City Hall and the Hudson County Courthouse that industry, especially the railroads, supported by taxes; he used his control of the governor's office, electing Republican and Democrat alike, to reward Jersey City followers with state jobs by the hundreds.

But all that is memory now. The railroads, which once owned one-fourth of Jersey City's land, are dumping properties back on the city to avoid taxes. Heavy industry is moving to the countryside. And since Jersey City must now stand in line with other Democratic strongholds for its share of state patronage, it is no longer the attractive professional address it once was for young lawyers aspiring to judgeships and prominent posts in state politics.

Hague's successors never commanded all the weapons of fear or favor that allowed him to impose a kind of hegemony on Jersey City. (Hague himself had begun to lose them in his late years as a succession of unfriendly Republican governors deprived him of state patronage and control of the courts and tax boards.) As each succeeding administration took City Hall by storm, its first thought was to brace for the inevitable counterattack. Immediate political capital was needed. There was no time for long-range achievements; goals and gains had to be measured in that shortest of yardsticks, tomorrow's headline. The payroll was used to reward the faithful and secure their allegiance. The city's charter-study commission reported in 1960 that Jersey City had 5,925 full-time employees in direct city function, "considerably more than any American City in the 250,000 to 300,000 population group." The city's cash surplus, its lifeline for emergencies, was raided annually. Since 1948 it has dropped from $21 million to about $1 million. Meanwhile, discipline collapsed; city employees, especially police and firemen, accustomed to being whipped into line under Hague, found themselves being wooed by the new political factions competing for Hague's mantle. They liked it and took full advantage of it.

THOSE who long for another Hague are, at best, only half right. The city may need the political stability he symbolized, but it can ill afford another leader as insensitive to the city's social and economic problems. Whelan's statement that "Political stability is the key to financial stability" is, in part, a self-serving declaration by a man who hopes to run for a full term next May. But it is also a correct assessment of the city. Long-range planning for a massive renewal effort is needed, not just the spot programs of the past, few of which have ever gone beyond the drawing board. And outside investors in Jersey City, public and private, are likely to insist on assurance that the plans of one administration will be carried out by the next—in short, that there will be some continuity of effort.

To accomplish this, the city's political leaders must rid themselves of several clichés. The first is that City Hall can be the catapult to state and national power that it was for Hague. The second is that heavy industry can be lured back to help with jobs and taxes. Neither is true any longer.

Mayor Whelan believes that the city's future development is tied more than ever to the service it can give New York City as a bedroom and a nearby warehousing center. Long and thin, Jersey City stretches along the Hudson River just across from Manhattan, to which it is linked by the Holland Tunnel, a subway system, its preference for New York newspapers, and an accent that can mark a man for life. Whelan believes that high-rise apartments built in renewed areas of downtown Jersey City along the waterfront, and possibly near Journal Square, the city's withering commercial center, would attract New York executives looking for a view of the harbor and living space within easy commuting distance. Such an influx would restore to the city some of the middle-class voting and buying power it has lost in recent years.

Important public help may be forthcoming from the Port of New York Authority, which has long ignored Jersey City because of its acrid political climate. Now the Port Authority is talking of building a new transportation center and office building in Journal Square and a giant marine terminal on the city's waterfront. But the Authority has moved cautiously so far, evidently watching Whelan. Leo Rosenblum, the city's chief tax counsel, says that without the Authority to lead development capital back, the city will become increasingly a refuge for lower-income groups and the cheap retail businesses they can support.

A recent decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission also may prove a boon to the city. The ICC authorized railroads shipping fresh fruit from the West into Manhattan to tack on an extra charge for transporting it across the Hudson River. For more than a hundred years, Jersey City has labored under the same rate schedule as New York, although it obviously costs more to ship across the river to New York. If this ruling survives the courts, it should enhance Jersey City's position as a terminal center.

'Oh Say, Can You See . . .'

Mayor Whelan himself is not sure that he is the answer to Jersey City's predicament. He feels that he is unique only in that he is not driven by a desire to be a political leader and that he at least recognizes the city's problems. He is in no sense a reformer. Now on leave from the Telephone Company, Whelan likes to describe himself as a businessman. And like most businessmen, he is willing to do business with almost anyone to show a proper balance sheet. "Anyone" in this case is Kenny, Hague's old conqueror and now the boss of the Hudson County Democratic organization, aging and scandal-scarred, but still the strongest single factor in Jersey City politics.

Whelan has publicly stated that he will not run in 1965 without Kenny's support. To get this support he is willing to make conces-

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sions, most notably the appointment of Kenny's son-in-law, Paul J. Hanley, as administrator of the Medical Center at $22,000 a year. It's cheaper for the city, Whelan explained, than building an election force of his own on the payroll. (The mayor's economic reasoning was jolted last month when it was discovered that Hanley had spent $38,000 to furnish his penthouse apartment in the hospital with such items as $300 bedspreads, a $1,700 high-fidelity system, and ten lamps and shades with an average price of $130.) He estimated the cost of a mayoral campaign in Jersey City, where frequently ninety per cent of the registered vote turns out, at about $250,000.

Whelan hopes to appeal simultaneously to the Kenny organization by pledging loyalty and a few top jobs and to the independent voters by cutting the general payroll. For example, he recently fired more than 600 employees, although he inadvertently lopped off a Kenny ward leader in the process and was forced to rehire him at a salary $2,560 higher than before.

His *rapprochement* with Kenny is not unusual in Jersey City politics, but the mass firings have made Whelan somewhat controversial. He expected praise and is bitter about complaints he said have come from all quarters from "the bishop to the scrubwoman." And he lamented, "I'm not sure Jersey City really wants good government."

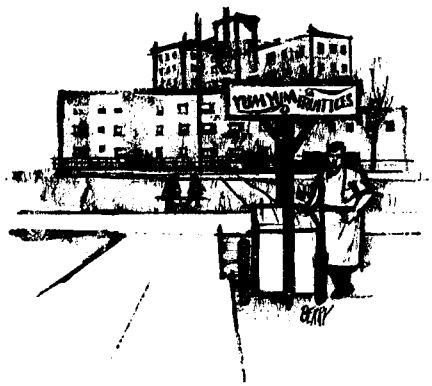
What Whelan is getting at is fundamental to Jersey City—an attitude toward government that makes the election campaign the end of the democratic process and to hell with the proper functioning of government. Traditionally, the Jersey City election ends in a victory celebration that is a grand finale of parades and promises. The result is a four-year hangover of padded payrolls and inefficiency. Whelan himself best described the local attitude when he told the city Merchants Council:

"The Jersey City anthem," he said, "should be 'Oh say, can you see what's in it for me?' "

In the Newsboy's Garage

The immediate post-Hague years were featured by Kenny's appearances before the New York City and U.S. Senate crime commissions and by a probe of City Hall that produced sixty indictments (only one ended in conviction). The Interstate Sanitation Commission discovered in 1960 that the city's $40-million interceptor sewer system, built three years earlier, had never worked; it also came out that a 200-pound safe in the county prosecutor's office was stolen one night while thirteen guards were on duty, or at least listed on the payroll; and there was the 1957 election night when one city policeman killed another in a Western-style shoot-out over the election outcome.

About the only time redevelopment made news in Jersey City was the year the executive director of



the city redevelopment agency was imprisoned for concealing his interest in a firm working for the agency. The same man, Bernard F. Kenny, is now the architect for the multi-million-dollar expansion of the county Administration Building, proving that, in Jersey City at least, they do come back. Another comeback story involves the former Jersey City city clerk under Kenny, James A. Tumulty, Jr. He was indicted for circumventing state bidding statutes, but the indictment was thrown out, and he is today the Hudson County prosecutor.

Dayton McKean, in his book on Hague, *The Boss*, called Jersey City the "Horse Bourse" of the East. The city probably is no longer worthy of that distinction either, but it does try to keep up appearances. For example, there was the case of Joseph (Newsboy) Moriarty, a bookmaker, who cached more than $2.5 million in cash in two garages. When the hoard was accidentally discovered, found with it was Newsboy's file from the prosecutor's office. Moriarty is regarded with affection in certain circles in the city. "Don't knock him," one officeholder remarked. "He's one of the few people who made his money in this town and kept it here." The money may be, but Moriarty isn't. He is in prison on charges brought by Federal and state officials, not the city police.

That's the way it is in Jersey City. There's a kind of beat pride in its political excesses and some notoriety in living in a city of which it can be said frequently, "Where else could it happen?"

This civic spirit is not shared by the city's businessmen. John P. Loftus, chairman of the 1960 charter-study commission, recalled that city bankers were found who actually discouraged business acquaintances from locating in the city. Loftus agrees with Whelan that a period of political repose is needed if Jersey City is to be revived, but he is not sure that the mayor is the man to cure it. He feels Whelan lacks experience, that he may ultimately be compromised by Kenny. But most of all he fears the old attitudes, the old instability. Kenny is now past seventy, and Whelan is not sufficiently strong to stand alone. The 1965 election, he believes, could be another debacle. Loftus views the city situation with considerable detachment these days. He moved out of town last year, and is now dean of the Seton Hall College Law School in Newark.

There are signs that Loftus may be right about the city election next May. Old ghosts from past elections are already beginning to stir and to make preparations. Former Mayor Charles S. Witkowski, a good football player in his day, is "in training" and reports that he has "taken off weight for the battle." Councilman Joseph F. Conners, a former policeman and a veteran of the 1949 battle, promises that "It'll be 1949 all over again." Even Gangemi reportedly is grooming a candidate, his son Thomas, Jr., who has all he ever had, plus citizenship.

There are no giants in this field. But they are all that Jersey City has left, and it must make do with them. Besides, one giant in a lifetime is probably all Jersey City can afford.

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Vietnam: General Taylor Faces an All-out War

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THROUGHOUT South Vietnam, broken bamboo fences, overgrown moats, and abandoned pillboxes tell a tale of the strategic-hamlet program and its many thousands of man-hours of misdirected effort. The lesson is basic to all understanding of past failures to halt the Vietcong and to all hope for future improvement. Although sound in concept, the strategic-hamlet program was often shameful in execution. Instead of the provinces closest to Saigon being the most secure, they are among the most insecure. And there is not a member of General Maxwell D. Taylor's team who does not know why.

Yet now the so-called "oil stain" project and the "new life" village plan, which have replaced the hamlet program, have already begun to run into trouble, though they are scarcely past the blueprint stage. Once again the idea is to spread out from secure areas, with special emphasis on extending the main "oil stain" around Saigon. The more undesirable aspects of the hamlet program, including the haste and forced resettlement, have been abandoned. But the whims of local military commanders still take precedence over the wishes of province chiefs and their American advisers. Province chiefs in "oil stain" areas readily accept the need for substantial regular forces to drive out the Vietcong and also to prevent the enemy from returning until local hamlet militia and self-defense forces are recruited and trained. Some military commanders, however, do not yet understand Operation Oil Stain, and they do not hesitate to draw on forces assigned to the pacification operations. And any confidence that may have been created among the "new life" villagers usually departs with the regular troops. Returning Vietcong cadres have no trouble uncovering the informers; and the Communist apparatus at village levels becomes more deeply embedded, and more effectively protected by silence, than before.

As the American ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge had power, authority, and influence that were denied to his predecessor. Frederick Nolting's job was to co-operate with the Ngo Dinhs, Lodge's to get them out and then encourage the new régime to proceed with the war. Taylor's brief is much more inclusive. "You might say that under Lodge we asked the Vietnamese to accept fifty cents of advice with every dollar of aid," said an American official. "With Taylor we hope for something like a dollar for a dollar."

CERTAINLY, with Taylor's arrival, doubts about American command responsibility have disappeared, and there is every prospect of a much more effective American effort than ever before. General William C. Westmoreland, who succeeded General Paul D. Harkins as chief of the American Military Assistance Command (MAC V), answers directly to Taylor. He retains his links with the Pentagon, but Taylor alone is the boss. This was a relationship that Harkins did not accept with Lodge, and conflicts between the civil and military arms of the American effort were deep and divisive. Now, with the unprecedented combination of military and diplomatic authority represented by Taylor and Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson, it is accepted, if sometimes reluctantly, that the independence of MAC V or any other branch of the American team is a thing of the past.

More delicate and more revolutionary than the realignment of U.S. authority are the essential changes that Taylor hopes to effect between the American advisers and their Vietnamese opposite numbers. This is an issue that impinges on the sovereignty of South Vietnam and on General Nguyen Khanh's personal prestige and power. Both sides appreciate the need to avoid anything that suggests a colonial relationship between Washington and Saigon, or anything that would weaken Khanh's insecure position. Yet, as the failure of the strategic-hamlet program illustrates so bluntly, —and Operation Oil Stain is already hinting—accepting U.S. aid and rejecting its advice is no way to win the war. The intention, to phrase it in its most acceptable form, is that the American advisory role will become much more of a partnership than it has been in the past. Vietnamese cabinet ministers, heads of committees, the general staff, and the corps, divisional, regimental, and battalion commands will work with their American counterparts. In principle, this will join Taylor with Khanh; Westmoreland with General Tran Thien Khiem, the commander-in-chief; and Major General Richard Stilwell, MAC V chief of staff, with General Nguyen Van Thieu, the chief of staff to the joint general staff in the high command; and so on down.

A start has been made in some divisions of the United States Operations Mission, where Americans and Vietnamese concerned with aid distribution now participate equally as joint chairmen of committees. It is just a beginning, however. At the highest levels there are obvious and perhaps insurmountable difficulties that must be handled gently to protect Khanh. At the lower levels the need for change is less sensitive but more urgent. Besides a substantial increase in American advisers, there is an essential need for a coordinated program of pacification priorities to stop military commanders from drawing haphazardly on forces assigned to protect the "new life" villages.

"Taylor's great strength is that although he is a military man, he understands this problem perhaps better than any of us," said one of his senior subordinates. "It may take us longer than we hope for the message to seep through, but we are reasonably confident it will."

Hope and the Hoa Hao

Another reason for hope, if not for confidence, is the near unanimity among Vietnamese-speaking American rural officials that most

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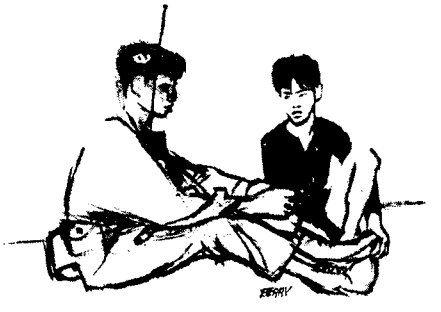
peasants are not fundamentally for the Vietcong. If they are not positively for the government, they would at least welcome the chance to free themselves of Vietcong domination. Vietcong taxes have become heavier than government taxes—and are more regularly and systematically collected. Whether the Vietcong now feels so confident that it no longer needs to conceal the iron fist or still feels that terror has a part to play, Vietcong brutalities appear to be increasing.

One striking illustration of the possibilities of winning over the peasants from Vietcong control is provided by An Giang Province, where almost everything used to favor the Vietcong. An Giang adjoins the Cambodian sanctuary and is south of the Bassac River in a Mekong Delta region of traditional Vietcong strength. But An Giang is also the main center of the Hoa Hao sect, which was founded in 1939 by the mysteriously afflicted son of a rich peasant on what seemed to be his deathbed. Outside, a violent storm raged. Inside, the youth, Huynh Phu So, went through what one of his followers later described as a sympathetic nervous excitement of typhoon intensity. When it subsided, Huynh Phu So was pale and trembling but entirely cured of his malady. He prostrated himself before the family altar and from that moment became a renowned faith healer and a religious leader of the Hoa Hao sect, which he named after his home village. He traveled widely through the Mekong Delta, winning thousands of converts. He laid on hands and the sick arose cured. When the French placed him in a mental hospital, he converted his Vietnamese psychiatrist. Early in 1944 he raised his own military forces, which were alternately for and against the Vietminh, who arrested and executed him in 1947. Thereafter, the Hoa Hao leaders preferred the French to the Vietminh, but they quickly came to blows with Diem and remained in dissidence until after his death. One of Khanh's few political triumphs has been to win over the Hoa Hao warlords, as well as leaders of other sects and political parties suppressed by the Diem régime. In recent weeks twelve new companies of Hoa Hao self-defense forces have been formed in An Giang and neighboring provinces, thus freeing regular troops for action elsewhere.

This spectacular success among a million or so members of the Hoa Hao sect encouraged Khanh to experiment more deeply with regional warlordism as an answer to the Vietcong. Provincial and district chiefs are now being picked for their political or politico-religious affiliations. The chief of Tay Ninh Province is a leader of the Cao Dai sect, and Quang Ngai and Quang Nam Provinces, north toward the 17th parallel, have come under the direction of the Vietnam Kuomintang Party, whose members once organized maquis groups in these regions. The inherent long-term dangers of such a factional policy are obvious; but in the immediate all-important pacification campaign, the end may very well justify the means.

UNFORTUNATELY, the progress in An Giang Province is the exception rather than the rule. The general region around Tay Ninh is now host to the equivalent of a full division of Vietcong regular troops, and



there has been a grave deterioration in the north. Nevertheless, for the first time, there is a feeling among some intellectuals and politicians that the tide may have begun to turn against the Vietcong and that Taylor will miraculously put things right. This feeling persists despite the continuing rumble of Catholic-Buddhist dissensions, which have split every political party, and many other divisive factors, including the state of hostility between Premier Khanh and his political and intellectual critics, the bitterness that still exists between the premier and General Duong Van Minh, the titular chief of state, and the continuing power ambitions among the military, notably General Tran Thien Khiem, who helped plan Khanh's *coup d'état* and has also been planning one of his own.

General Taylor's prestige, personality, and patience may well smooth over some of these difficulties. His relations with General Minh are close and friendly. But just in the preparation of an effective political base for conducting the war, there are many problems that even the most effective interlocking American-Vietnamese effort may never be able to overcome. The Vietnamese administration during the past year has virtually disintegrated, and most provinces have had no less than four different chiefs. The probity of the national police is at its lowest point. In a land pleading for social reform, the only positive plan advanced by the Social Welfare Ministry is for the legalization of prostitution. Corruption appears even more rampant than before. Khanh has made overdue reforms in army pay and promotions, and the paramilitary forces have had a change in name. But trained, able, and willing specialists for the "new life" villages are lacking, as is a decent nucleus for a proper rural police force and a village intelligence system. In short, no other American with so much national and personal prestige at stake has ever been called on to perform a more difficult task than Taylor.

Visitors from the North

With the wet season well advanced, the deterioration in the Mekong Delta has not been so marked as many Americans feared. The Delta situation—An Giang Province excepted—is no better than it was at the beginning of the year. In terms of military engagements fought and won, and even in territory held, it is no worse, either. In a sense, therefore, those who claim that the military decline has evened out have some evidence to justify their optimism.

Against this must be placed the consistent increase in Vietcong capability. With forty-five regular battalions now identified, it has the manpower to operate on a regimental basis in the Delta, in the High Plateau, and in the Annamite Chain. Battalion actions were rare at the

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beginning of the year; they are commonplace now. The long period of quiet in central Vietnam has ended. On the night of July 6 there were four simultaneous Vietcong actions of battalion size or larger in this area. The South Vietnamese reserves were quickly exhausted; and though the government claimed a victory at the Special Force training camp at Nam Dong when a Vietcong battalion failed to overrun the position, the subsequent government retreat from the camp was unlikely to be counted by the Vietcong as a defeat.

In fact, the situation is now comparable to that which existed in the Indo-China war in 1953. The Vietcong, following the earlier example of the Vietminh, has moved through the subversive and guerrilla phases of revolutionary war into the mobile phase characterized by quick concentration of large units against major targets of opportunity. With tens of thousands of Vietnamese forces tied down in the Mekong Delta, there are not enough government troops to cope with the new threat in the mountainous north and center. The situation could quickly become desperate. Many American and Vietnamese military men are convinced that the war in the South can be won only by attacking the North. Khanh himself recently committed his administration to a policy of attacking Communist North Vietnam, thus contradicting the official U.S. position that assigns top priority to the pacification of South Vietnam. Hence, reports that regular units of the Vietminh army, including the 9th Regiment of the 304th Division, are actively participating in the war obviously need to be treated with caution. There is no longer room for reasonable doubt, however, that the Vietminh has sent organized formations into South Vietnam to form the officer and noncommissioned cadres of many new battalions. This tactic was taken straight from the Indo-China war, when General Vo Nguyen Giap spread the fighting into the High Plateau by using an invasion force of officers and specialists who recruited local regional troops to fill the ranks.

The significance of these infiltrations can scarcely be exaggerated. Until it was itself threatened with escalation, North Vietnam was careful to retain the southern identity of the Vietcong. Almost all cadres slipping down the Ho Chi Minh Trail —and, according to the official MAC V spokesman, they now run into the tens of thousands—were southerners who had been trained in the North. The newcomers, who have more than doubled the regular Vietcong striking capacity in I Corps immediately south of the 17th parallel, are northerners.

RENEWED determination rather than intimidation seems to have been the response to the "Southeast Asia is worth a major war" line that originated in Washington around June 20. "Let us lose no time in launching an offensive," declared the National Liberation Front on June 22. A week later it issued an order of the day "to attack the enemy continuously in the mountainous areas, the Delta, and the cities. More than ever we must strive to take advantage of the present favorable opportunity to step up the movement, to launch attacks against the enemy, and to develop rapidly our revolutionary forces."

The realization that the United States cannot afford to fail is common to Hanoi and Washington. The difference is that Hanoi seems to believe that the United States can and will fail. Speculating on this subject at the end of July, Nguyen Van Vinh, chairman of the Reunification Commission of the government of North Vietnam, said: "If they fail in the special war which they are testing in South Vietnam, they will also fail elsewhere. That is the international significance of the patriotic struggle of our compatriots in the South with regard to the national liberation struggle in the world." In short, much more than Vietnam or even Southeast Asia is at stake.

One unstated but important purpose of the Taylor mission is to hold the line until after November. Hanoi's obvious determination is to prevent the line from being held. This, Hanoi and Peking clearly reckon, is the time of maximum opportunity to strike hard and effectively. To that end, the Vietcong is going all out.

The ace in the hole may be the U.S. plan to employ its great Far Eastern power as a deterrent. A senior member of Taylor's staff explains the thesis in terms of the Cuban experience, where the United States by going to the very brink of nuclear war caused Khrushchev to reverse his ships and remove his rockets, all without firing a single shot.

To be effective, this tactic requires the most skillful handling. It is not easy to get across the difference between a decision to carry the war to the North and a willingness to use, if need be, maximum power to deter further reinforcement and resupply along the Ho Chi Minh Trail and other routes. Washington has been sabotaged in its efforts at clarification both by its Vietnamese allies and by Senator Goldwater's nomination as Republican candidate. General Khanh, by embarking on a campaign that can only undermine the distinction, seems deliberately bent on squelching whatever hope there may be of persuading Hanoi and Peking of the merits of prudence and restraint.

WHEN I APPLIED for an interview, General Khanh sent me a message saying that he would not be available for about a month, but in reply to written questions that I submitted at his request, he produced figures on North Vietnamese intervention in the war which purported to show that a force almost equal to the total known regular strength of the Vietcong had entered South Vietnam this year. He listed this year's infiltrators at twenty-eight to twenty-nine thousand, then went on to say, "As long as it is not solved at its source—that is to say, Red China—the war will go on."

Khanh's figures are grossly exaggerated, but his intention is clear enough: to build up a case on North Vietnam's "violent aggression" so as to justify "appropriate measures" not only against North Vietnam but seemingly against China also. In view of this Chiang-like approach and what strikes many Asians as a strong likelihood that Goldwater's brinkmanship will have a growing influence on American policy, Hanoi and Peking may have concluded that their only hope of avoiding a major war later is to make an all-out effort to win this smaller war now.

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God and Man At Flushing Meadow

ROBERTA STRAUSS FEUERLICHT

A JESTER named Rahere was one of the first persons to recognize the uses of religion at a fair. He became a monk and in the year 1123 received the assistance of his former employer, King Henry I of England, in founding a priory, church, and hospital in honor of St. Bartholomew. Being a jester but not a fool, he won the king's consent to hold a fair at the annual celebration of St. Bartholomew's Day. To attract fairgoers and enrich his priory, Rahere juggled in his monk's robes and whenever the box office wavered he booked miracles. One of Rahere's best acts was unscrambling a man named Osberne whose right hand stuck to his left shoulder and whose left hand stuck to his head.

Fairs and religion have been closely linked even in pagan times. The Church simply substituted saints' days for pagan rituals, allowed merchants to vend their wares to the faithful, and derived a goodly revenue from fair tolls. In the centuries since Rahere's lively fund-raising activities, fairs have evolved through three major stages. At first they were religious gatherings, countenancing trade and entertainment but inseparably bound to some form of worship. In the second stage, fairs became vast markets through which the world's commerce flowed. They were livened by entertainment, but religion exercised little or no function or control. In the third stage, fairs became essentially amusement areas with some profitable trade carried on in the background but with no religion in sight.

The first world's fair, at the Crystal Palace, London, in 1851, combined trade and amusement, and brought many nations together in an exchange of commerce and ideas. Since then modern communications have made such world's fairs obsolete, and so where people once came willingly to buy, to sell, and to see, they now have to be lured in by a relentless barrage of spectacle and salesmanship. In the midst of the fevered huckstering at the 1964 New York World's Fair, religion has returned, no longer divine, no longer master of events, but suppliant, competing hard with the other exhibitors in selling a unique product.

THE SWAMP at Flushing Meadow contains 130 pavilions serving Mammon and nine more or less serving God. In addition to the nine separate religious pavilions, there are a half-dozen religious stalls in the enclosed boardwalk known as the Hall of Education; a Garden of Meditation, which overlooks the First National City Bank; and a tiny pavilion called the Miracle of St. Feutre, erected by the American Felt Company in homage to a monk who, according to legend, discovered felt. One of the religious stalls is marked "Israel" but is actually sponsored by the American Board of Missions to the Jews, Inc. The Board received a warning from the Fair against proselytizing after a Jewish mother complained that her twelve-year-old son had been taken to the Billy Graham film and fed ice cream by a Baptist minister in charge of the exhibit. At least one more religious pavilion is projected for 1965. Tentatively called "The Beliefs of Man," it will attempt to show the relationships between the different ways in which men worship God. If plans jell properly it will be ready when the Fair reopens next spring.

The convergence of the religious pavilions at the Fair is not a coincidence. The Fair's executive committee invited them and offered rent-free land on which to build, a privilege otherwise reserved for the Federal government, the states, and the Boy Scouts. This, according to the Fair, was in keeping with the theme "Peace Through Understanding."

But if one eye was raised toward heaven, the other was on the gate. A year ago a Fair official said wistfully that the highest attendance at the Seattle Fair had been recorded the day Billy Graham preached, and there was hope he would duplicate his success in New York. This proved to be a vain wish; the evangelist appeared at the Fair on Billy Graham's Day, but he did not conduct a crusade there and doesn't plan to do so this summer.

Although a statistical sampling of 1,100 fairgoers recently indicated that forty-one per cent visited the religious pavilions, only the Vatican Pavilion is enjoying heavy traffic. The bountiful publicity given Michelangelo's Pietà has made it at least as important a work of art as the Unisphere, and so the Vatican exhibit is second in attendance only to General Motors. Almost half the people who come to the Fair visit the Vatican Pavilion, though there

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A Message from the People of the Federal Republic of Germany to the People of the United States of America

The principle of development aid which he gave us must be advanced

It is now acknowledged that the Marshall Plan, which rebuilt Europe, was also the forerunner of today's Atlantic partnership, and of the whole concept of self-help and mutual aid which has been generally accepted in the West. The people of Germany saw what Marshall aid did for them; they decided as early as 1950 to start their own aid program for the developing nations.

German Aid Goes to 83 Countries – Worldwide

By the end of 1963, Germany had allocated about 23 billion D-marks (almost 6 billion dollars U.S.) for development aid purposes. Of this, 12.8 billion D-marks came from public funds, 10.06 billion D-marks from private sources—as computed by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). Most of it went into many forms of direct and indirect capital aid; technical assistance; industrial development and trade promotion.

German aid is both bilateral and multilateral. When contributing through international or supra-national organizations, the Federal Republic of Germany cedes the right of distributing such funds to the groups concerned. Germany has no areas of special interest; within the limitations of the aid available, grants are made wherever progress seems to be most likely.

Germany Is Doing Its Share – AND MORE

The commitment of the Federal Republic of Germany to the basic principle first exemplified by the Marshall Plan is shown by the record. In the future as in the past, we shall do our best to match our aid program to the needs of the emerging nations. In such action, we believe, lies our best hope for the future of freedom.

Ministry for Economic Cooperation FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

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are seldom any lines outside. The spectators flow in through the entrance doors, glide by the Pietà on moving platforms, and rush out the rear doors of the building to stand in line for an hour to see the General Electric exhibit.

Anyone who happens to linger in the Vatican Pavilion will discover what the *Commonweal* has called a "great jumble of art unencumbered by any idea about the Church." As you enter you are handed a guide to the exhibits (*"Michelangelo's Pietà* —Sorrowful Mother holding the Body of Christ at the Foot of the Cross in a setting by Jo Mielziner"). The guide is essential, for virtually nothing is labeled; and where there are explanations, as on the replica of St. Peter's tomb, they are placed so that it is impossible to read the legend and examine the exhibit at the same time. The building is topped by a glittering modern chapel, and there is a gift shop selling reproductions of the Pietà for $1 to $17.50.

THE FAIR had hoped to have all major faiths represented, but the backers of Islamic and Jewish pavilions lost interest and withdrew. At one point the Fair offered rent-free land to anyone who would sponsor a Jewish religious exhibit, but the only taker wanted to open a kosher restaurant. The Fair declined, and when a group of businessmen decided to put up an American-Israel Pavilion they were charged the standard land rate for an international exhibit, $3 per square foot per year.

The Fair lists the American-Israel Pavilion as one of the religious exhibits, even though it is a foreign pavilion built by Americans charging admission and seeking a profit. A portion of the display is devoted to the history of the Jewish people, but it is deliberately shown in darkness; the lights shine only on the state of Israel. Religion is suggested only by a Passover scene, a woman lighting the Sabbath lamp, or a diorama of shepherds sitting around a fire and reading aloud, as shepherds will, the Ten Commandments in Hebrew and English. Behind the pavilion are shops selling Israeli products, and a kosher delicatessen.

The most modest religious pavilion at the Fair is sponsored by the Russian Orthodox Church, which erected a replica of the Fort Ross, California, chapel, one of the oldest Orthodox chapels in America. The chapel is almost bare, and the only display is a particularly venerated ikon for which the church hopes to raise a million dollars at the Fair, half of that sum to buy the ikon from its private owner and half to build a chapel to house it. The replica is sized and furnished about the same as the original, but a door has been cut into what would be the north wall. The door leads directly to a kiosk where books, records, and ikons are for sale.

The "Bibleless tribes of the world" are the subject, and object, of the WBT 2000 Tribes Pavilion. WBT stands for Wycliffe Bible Translators, an organization that sends linguist-missionaries into the jungles to translate the Bible into native languages, and the 2000 tribes are those the WBT has not yet reached. The exhibit focuses on a hundred-foot mural called "From Savage to Citizen" which, with accompanying lights, narrative, and sound effects, tells the story of the conversion of a headhunter named Tariri. According to the WBT, a prominent observer said to the artist, "A monumental work. You will give abstract painters cause for alarm." The style of the mural is contemporary comic book, and it would give anyone cause for alarm. A plea for funds is made after the mural is shown.

A pavilion indirectly associated with the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, called Sermons from Science, attempts to employ scientific phenomena as a wedge for introducing Christianity into doubting minds. In a recent lecture on "Jesus Christ, the Light of the World," the speaker used firecrackers, blackouts, bolts of electricity, flying hoops, and such remarks as (to an embarrassed child pulled into an experiment), "If things don't work out, the company I work for will buy you a whole new outfit to be buried in."

In the Mormon Pavilion, statues, illustrations, dioramas, sacred texts, and aggressive young missionaries explain Mormon beliefs. In a film that allows no religious concept to go unrealized, men and women wander about the heavens in prelife and afterlife wearing what look like long white bathrobes. On the walls of the theatre are colored transparencies depicting different phases of Mormon life, and a photo of a grinning woman painting a treescape that is captioned, "Happy Parisian Finds Joy in Becoming a Latter-Day Saint."

THE Billy Graham Pavilion features illuminated transparencies of Dr. Graham on crusade, and a twenty-eight-minute movie in Todd-AO. It was filmed by Dr. Graham's own company, and the evangelist is on screen most of the time. At the climax he invites the viewers to go behind the screen to his waiting counselors and receive Christ. The pavilion was designed by Edward Durell Stone, and alongside stands a hundred-foot steel tower sheathed in four thousand gold anodized discs and crowned with a gold sunburst and Billy Graham's name in lights. If any fairgoer happens to overlook it, however, Dr. Graham has also rented a booth across the street in the Protestant Pavilion.

Along with Billy Graham some twenty other groups share the Protestant Pavilion, which was rechristened the Protestant and Orthodox Center after the Greek Orthodox Church agreed to participate. The Orthodox exhibit consists principally of crosses, ikons, vestments, and other very handsome Byzantine religious objects.

The other tenants of the pavilion range from the Lutherans, Methodists, and Baptists to something called Soul Clinic International, which is selling Soul Clinic annuity bonds. The Churches of Christ exhibit features a machine that offers "Answers to 120 vital questions given instantly in the language of the

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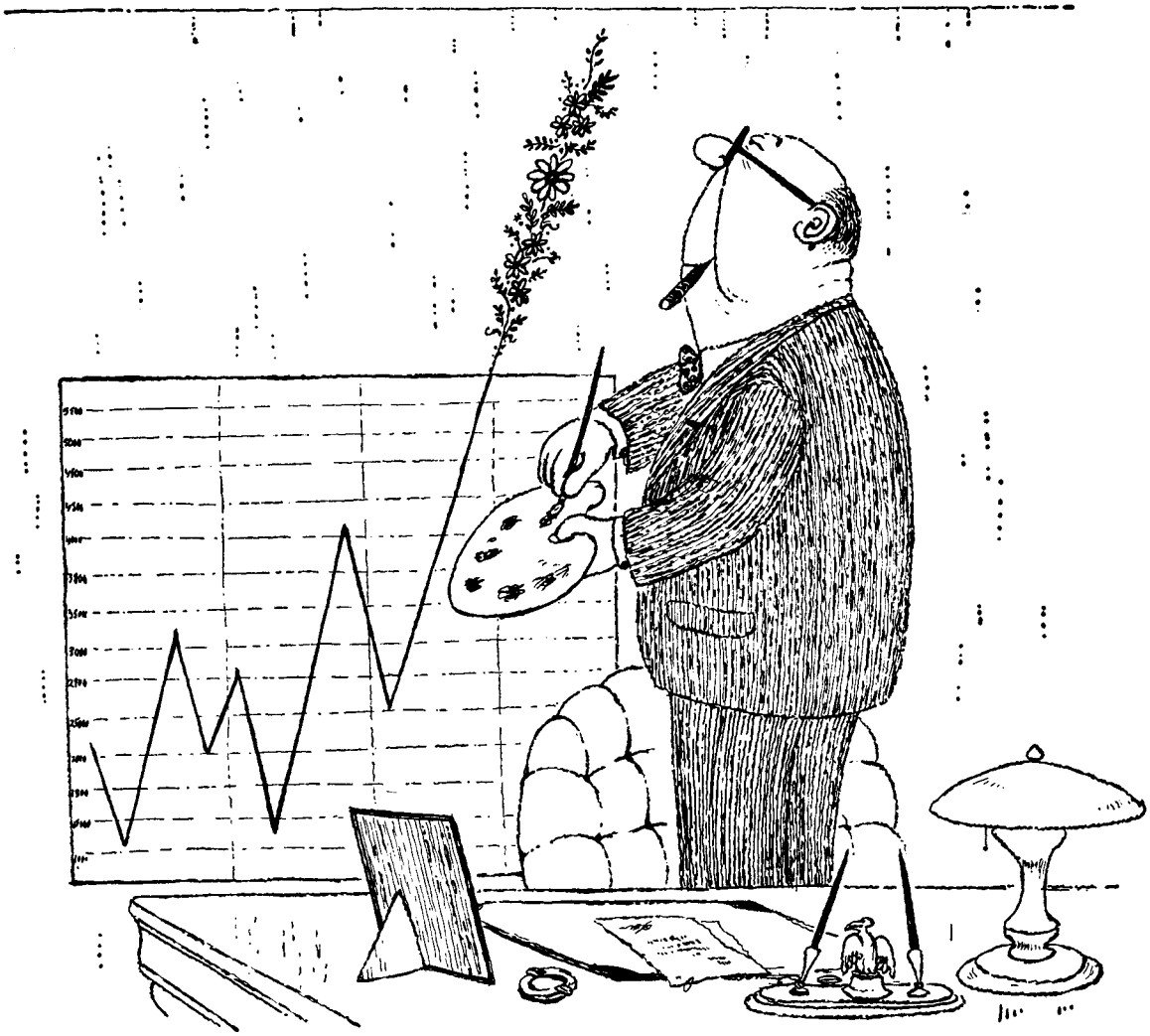

Business by Fernando Krahn

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Bible." All you have to do is press a button. A gift shop in the pavilion sells Glow-in-the-Dark praying hands for thirty-five cents.

The controversial film *Parable* is shown in the Protestant and Orthodox Center, and it proves only that what Robert Moses opposes is not necessarily good. The film attempts to retell the Christ story with the world as a circus and Christ as a clown, but it manages to make Him seem mischievous rather than good, and the parallel is flawed because the anger of His enemies is so far out of proportion to the pettiness of His acts. When the Christ-clown is crucified on a puppeteer's harness and stabbed to death, the camera, in a repellent close-up, focuses on the roof of His mouth as He screams. A collection is taken after the film.

The last of the religious pavilions was built by the Christian Scientists, and it is the only one of the nine that employs the most modern devices to deliver a religious message with no loss to either side. Christian Science beliefs are presented coherently, the texts are wondrously legible, the sculpture handsome and appropriate, the film brief and imaginative.

THE heterogeneous massing of religions at the fair has cost the participating groups more than they can now estimate, because all the bills are not yet in. But the combined total will be many millions; the Vatican Pavilion will cost about $3.5 million, and the Protestant and Orthodox Center will not be far behind. The land was free, but the architects, the designers, the builders, the exhibit houses, the construction workers, and the public-relations firms were not. Some of the groups hope to depart with a net profit in contributions and converts; others would consider themselves blessed if they could recoup their investment. The Protestant building is still nearly half a million dollars in debt to its contractor.

Despite this investment in spiritual salesmanship, thus far there is no sign of a religious renaissance emanating from Flushing Meadow. At a recent showing of Billy Graham's film, when the evangelist exhorted the audience to come behind the screen and be saved, nobody went.

The Young Folks

NAT HENTOFF

As their contribution to the civil-rights movement, a number of Northern folk singers have enlisted in a "caravan of music" that will tour Mississippi this summer. Performances will be held in churches, cotton fields, and theatres throughout the state, and some of the artists will also conduct music and songwriting workshops at Freedom Schools. But beyond whatever pleasure and education may be afforded to Mississippi residents, the primary beneficiaries of the trip may well be the singers themselves, since current social problems are among their major preoccupations.

In so far as this musical editorializing has a central forum, it is *Broadside,* a small, lively New York-based journal ($5 for 22 issues a year, Box 193, Cathedral Station, New York N.Y. 10025). Established and apprentice songwriters publish their newest work in *Broadside,* along with letters, diaries, and pointed reflections on automation, totalitarianism of all varieties, the vagaries of love, and, of course, race relations.

One of the most prolific contributors to the magazine—and a widely respected figure among his folk-singing peers—is Phil Ochs. The first album in which he is featured throughout is *All the News That's Fit to Sing* (Elektra EKL stereo EKS-7269, mono EKL-269). While the performance cannot be faulted in terms of sincerity, it does underline a basic problem of the young broadsiders. Too often, Ochs's songs are flat affirmations of piety rather than memorable fusions of melody and metaphor. Yet occasionally he does combine his fervor for a better society with musical craft.

Among the singers in Mississippi will be Judy Collins, and her recent album (*Judy Collins #3,* Elektra EKL-243) is an especially useful introduction to the making of topical songs as currently practiced. With few exceptions, the material she chose is both artistically and socially to the point. Among the writers are Bob Dylan, the pre-eminent bard of the topical folk movement ("Masters of War"); elder statesman Pete Seeger ("Turn! Turn! Turn!"); Woody Guthrie, the spiritual father of nearly all contemporary performers in this vein ("Deportee"); and the brilliant Scotch actor-musician Ewan MacColl ("The Dove").

A more uneven but also more diversified cross section is *Newport Broadside* (Vanguard stereo VSD-79144, mono VRS-9144), recorded at the 1963 Newport Folk Festival. In addition to Ochs, the performers include Peter La Farge (whose specialty is the American Indian), Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and a fiery quartet of young Negro Freedom Singers from the South who illustrate how powerfully the activists in the field have adapted traditional Negro musical forms to provide communal sustenance for present tribulations.

A TELLING LESSON in how to write topical folk material that remains durable after the cause of the songs has either been solved or has been transcended by more complicated troubles is a reissue of a 1940 Woody Guthrie recording session (*Dust Bowl Ballads,* RCA Victor LPV-502). These songs of devastation in the Midwest and of the cruelty that awaited the refugees in California described contemporary phenomena with such accuracy and insight that they are now a permanent part not only of the folk singer's repertory but of the historical record. It was Guthrie's style, moreover, as writer and performer, to flavor indignation with wit and to alternate anger at the morally obtuse with delighted admiration of the resiliency of the dispossessed. Especially engaging is Guthrie's long ballad "Tom Joad," which he wrote after seeing the movie version of John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.* "I wrote this song," Guthrie explained, "because the people back in Oklahoma haven't got two bucks to buy the book, or even thirty-five cents to see the movie, but the song will get back to them and tell them what preacher Casey said."

When a young citybilly tries to

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adopt the life style of the itinerant folk singer in the Guthrie tradition, the results are often pathetically transparent. But this is not the case with Brooklyn-born Jack Elliott, who became a disciple and companion of Guthrie. In the process, he once said, he was "reborn in Oklahoma." Today, Elliott ambles along in cowboy songs with easy persuasiveness and is almost as convincing in other regional material to which he feels temperamentally attuned (*Jack Elliott,* Vanguard stereo VSD-79151, mono VRS-9151).

Another singer who has successfully absorbed more or less unfamiliar musical traditions is Bob Dylan. Those who knew Dylan as a youngster in Minnesota might find it hard to recognize the free-wheeling, pervasively questioning twenty-two-year-old wanderer who has become the most influential writer of current folk material (*The Times They Are A-Changin',* Columbia stereo CS 8095, mono CL 2105). But the acrid and penetrating style and the gentle but stubborn determination to go his own way are not a pose. Whatever his background—and Dylan is reticent to say—he has become an authentic original. He is himself, both as a performer and composer and as a young man who, as he puts it, has stopped running, "embracin' what I left/an' lovin it —for I learned by now/never to expect/what it cannot give me."

MORE AND MORE of the young folk singers are working to see what they can create out of the present and out of traditions that once were alien or unknown to them. Some, like Elliott and Dylan, seem to change their very personalities. Others have not undergone such thorough alteration, but they do indicate—in the songs they write and in the songs by writers such as Dylan and Ochs that they choose to sing—a conviction that the American folk revival has reached a new stage. So far, most of them have displayed only their intentions to create artistically valid topical songs rather than the accomplishment itself. But a few songs have been written that can be added to the legacy of Woody Guthrie, and more are likely to come. Some perhaps out of the summer in Mississippi.

BOOKS

The Eloquence Of Failure

ALFRED KAZIN

BECAUSE I WAS FLESH, by Edward Dahlberg. *New Directions. $5.*

In the 1930's Edward Dahlberg published his own story several times in the form of fiction—*Bottom Dogs,* published with an introduction by D. H. Lawrence; *From Flushing to Calvary; Those Who Perish.* The last of these autobiographical novels of the lower depths in America came out in 1934, and then in 1941, beginning with a work of criticism, *Do These Bones Live,* Dahlberg became a fretful *avant-garde* all by himself, crankily learned, complicated, orphic, and arrogant. Yet after many years he has come back as an autobiographer to the story he told first as a novelist.

The analogy with Hemingway's posthumous memoir, *A Moveable Feast,* is startling and ironic. For Hemingway was able to write one of his very best books in *A Moveable Feast* because he consciously reused material that he had practiced to perfection in his stories. By directly confronting certain poignant episodes in his early Paris days with the assurance, subtlety, and ease of his long training, he was able to bring off a remarkable performance despite all the moral sleight-of-hand involved in writing autobiography for the sake of narrative—a form that permits the freedom of fiction under the covering of fact. Hemingway was writing, as only Americans do with so much feeling, to exculpate himself from the guilt attached to success. The subject of *A Moveable Feast* is the innocence that was lost by experience and that can be reclaimed, Hemingway thought, by the active creative voice of the accomplished writer chanting its youthful exultations.

Edward Dahlberg, who was born in 1900, a year after Hemingway, also grew up in the Middle West. None of his books, whether the social-realist novels of the 1930's or the "wisdom" books of the 1940's, has sold anything to speak of. He is one of the last true expatriates (in Mallorca) and uncompromising holdouts on the subject of America the expensive and unbeautiful, confident that if an old-fashioned literary rebel like himself holds onto his papers, they will be bought by the libraries of universities where assistant professors can become associate professors by getting exclusive rights to footnote the solitaries, rebel experimenters, and misfits of the previous generation.

Dahlberg does not have the gift of success. Even *Because I Was Flesh,* which is easily his best book and sums up his life to transcend the extraordinary pain of it with one fierce creative act, has aroused the sympathetic wonder and admiration of many good writers without stirring the public that is now eagerly buying *A Moveable Feast.* Dahlberg writes now, as he has always written, against a background of failure. Hemingway in his autobiography went back to his youth in Paris in order to cover himself, as it were, with its purity and ardor; Dahlberg has gone back to his youth in Kansas City with a haunted, still unbelieving effort to master experiences to which all the rest of his life has been captive. After many years and many early tracings of the subject in his novels, Dahlberg still writes as if his prime need as a man and as a writer were to face his dispiriting memories. Despite the inflated style with which, since *Do These Bones Live,* he attempts to raise every observation to the grandeur of universal myth, Dahlberg's life has in fact been terrible, and in this book he

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The Parrot

Thinking in terms of how to solve worldwide malaise,
I watched the parrot in his cage, an old imperialist,
Perched on the swing that goes East and West, languorously
dividing his predatory ways.

Kept in the kitchen, he remains a mandarin, a Sung,
Proud and dynastic, petulant to servants,
Speaking always in the slightly unreal accent of a foreign tongue.

He makes you think of opulence and squalor all together,
Messy with his food, impossible to please,
Arthritically rigid if too many he despises forgather.

Whether you were closed in your drawing room or free outside,
Alone, in the most raucous or diplomatic company,
You would be shaken if informed that he had died.

And why? Because he did not ever fully speak his mind,
Mocking, malapert, and just plain menacing the whole day long
Until he had no right, in death, to be so bland—

A thing, if you were morbid, you might stuff
To remind you of the worldliness of crime
And how he made you wonder if you had lied enough.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON

relieves the terror with urgent passion. He has finally achieved his triumph as an artist by reconstituting the failure that always dogged him.

DAHLBERG takes his stand on fact: his life has been like no one else's. People's lives are not commensurable. Yet because of general deprivation in his youth, represented to his mind as a kind of cultural hunger, loneliness, cast-offness, Dahlberg wants to put his experiences with the world's—to list his experience among the great myths. The reader of this extraordinary book finds himself held by Dahlberg's memory of his mother's Star Lady Barbershop in Kansas City at 16 E. 8th, under the old viaduct, among the sports and dudes and butter-and-egg men of the Teddy Roosevelt era. But Dahlberg's push into the past is always retrieved by an effort to pull himself up into what Whitman called the mythic universal—an effort to lift these hard rocks of poverty and lust and abortion up into the mythic world where, for Dahlberg, Abel and Cain, Orpheus and Prometheus, Ishmael and Hagar, Jesus and Mary become witnesses and commentators on his own fate.

Dahlberg's initial misfortune was an archaic and literary one: he was illegitimate. His mother, a Polish Jewish immigrant with an oddly Swedish maiden name (originally Dalberg), had deserted her husband and two children to run off with a handsome villain named Saul, a fanatic for sexual pleasure who departed before his son was born in Charity Hospital in Boston and who came back only when he needed money or a temporary refuge. The mother, barely five feet tall, who wandered about the country with the boy until she was able to start her own business as a lady barber in Kansas City, became the greatest single fact in his life. A sense of common misfortune united mother and son; her hysterically tireless efforts to keep afloat, to find a husband for herself and so become respectable, were naturally translated by the son into a conviction of his own unlucky destiny and his distrust of a world in which other people had the money and high spirits.

Despite Dahlberg's many invocations of Kansas City as a lustful city and of the customers in his mother's barbershop as roaring bucks, the most authentic and impressive note in his book is of the unnaturalness, loneliness, and bareness of his confinement to his mother. While Hemingway's golden memories of Paris in the twenties are being relished by hundreds of thousands, it is understandable that readers in a time of anxious prosperity should overlook material that Dahlberg himself cannot record without a wild, just barely controlled pain. He writes, for example, of the end of a day with his mother:

> When she closed up before midnight, she trudged home very slowly, as she did not want to spend a nickel for streetcar fare. She took deep breaths of the evening air and was overcome with a beating, upsurging confidence. As long as her lungs and heart were sound, she knew her future would be right. Her landlord, Wolforth, believed in her noble traits—since she always paid her rent on time. As she gazed at the maples along the street, she let out a sigh like that which had saved desponding Hagar in the wilderness.
>
> Late in the evening, when every bone in her body ached, she would sometimes stop in a dark hallway to relieve herself; while she squatted there she told herself that she was the most miserable woman on earth. The boy walked a few paces ahead so as not to see her and also to watch for anybody who might be passing by. When he looked at the Milky Way, he would lift up his voice to the stars that were the lambs and stones of heaven, and heave a prayer out of his mouth to God, beseeching Him to give his mother a firm bladder so that she would not let out water in doorways, which he could not help hearing. Feeling easier, she walked up 8th Street to the flat, and when she heard a trolley on the tracks her courage came back to her.

The elevated reference to "Hagar in the wilderness" is as typical of Dahlberg as the poignant Dreiserian moment. Ever since the end of the 1930's, when Dahlberg withdrew from social realism by devouring the great scriptures and mythologies as if to inoculate himself against any

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How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

One look at these two eye-openers and you're in a new world. They're as different from the conventional sentimentalities about art as the Space Age is from the Dark Age.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

The Famous Stork Cartoon

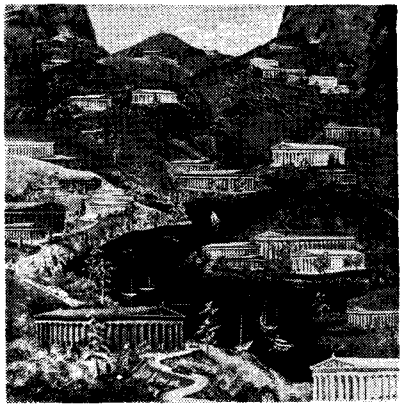
It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

Where else, for example, would you find a candid (and obviously true) statement such as that expressed in the famous Stork Cartoon? Where else would you find it even hinted that if the Partenon were scattered broadside over the landscape it might no longer be hailed as an "immortal masterpiece" and actually become a bore? Practical considerations such as these are rigorously ignored by the orthodox art critic because, once they are taken into account, his authority to deliver positive and eternal verdicts is completely destroyed. They become ridiculous.

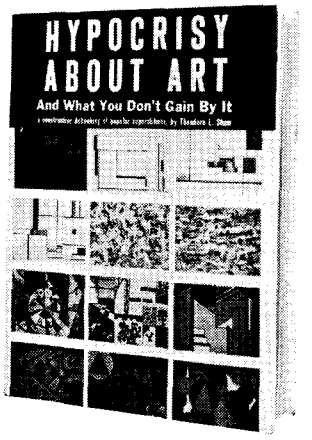
Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art

Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can *under* the *circumstances*. It's the tough-minded, rational method rather than the flashy, "mystic" method. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but temporary Conjectures. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.



Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves—although they very clearly demonstrate how and why Conjecturism is superseding Positivism (or Wise-Guyism) both here and abroad they can only serve as introductions to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading we suggest (on the same free trial terms) the two conjecturist books mentioned below.



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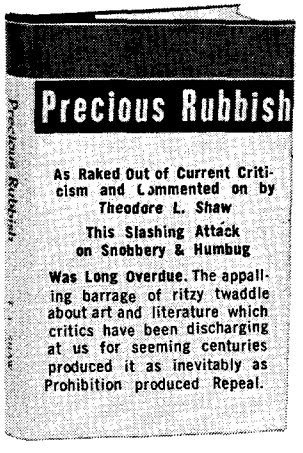
PRECIOUS RUBBISH, which I promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies. John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Advisor, Wayne Univ.

What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes. It's a lulu. Conrad Aiken.

Expresses to a "T" my every thought. I think it's great. Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

I loved it—gave three critics one copy each—they loved it. "Lost is he who hath no humor." Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.


Precious Rubbish
As Raked Out of Current Criticism and Commented on by Theodore L. Shaw
This Slashing Attack on Snobbery & Humbug
Was Long Overdue. The appalling barrage of ritzy twaddle about art and literature which critics have been discharging at us for seeming centuries produced it as inevitably as Prohibition produced Repeal.

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Shaw, in HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underiving presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness.

At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in "Estimating Speeds of Tiring." To the literary gems he analyses in Yojimbo fashion, he adds his own alternatives in such "immortal" paintings as the Lascaux Cave Paintings, Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio," and Seurat's "La Grande Jatte." His chapter entitled "The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg" is far too delicious to miss.

A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brief hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of natori. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables.

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danger from intellectual materialism in the future, he has made a point of dressing up his books with references to Ovid, Pliny, Luke, Jeremiah, Matthew, Mark, Sir Thomas Browne, Thoreau, and other sages. Dahlberg believes that the great writers can be therapists for those who suffer from invincible ignorance.

This mythification of experience works better in Dahlberg's autobiography than it does in dogmatic treatises like *Do These Bones Live, The Sorrows of Priapus,* and the frantic assaults on more successful twentieth-century writers that he put into the letters to Herbert Read published as *Truth Is More Sacred.* As a thinker in the abstract, Dahlberg is not very interesting; his own life is his most dependable text, and when he sees himself as Ishmael, it is because he has good reason to. Dahlberg writes out of a personal hell—spiritual, physical, cultural, and existentialist. He naturally feels close to the prototypes in the Bible of Jewish suffering, for he too has been exiled, lost in the desert, ground down, spat upon, with only a book, some wise book, to be his Law and his Prophets. There are times in this passionate recital when Sir Thomas Browne and even Thoreau—perhaps especially Thoreau, who managed without women—do not really help us to see better the Star Lady Barbershop, but they are there to make us see Dahlberg himself as a lofty, sage, and detached fellow. Yet the sheer truth of this man's life, because he finally does tell it, forces us to protect Dahlberg's innocent conceit. This kind of learning has been his life. He is very literary, and his chapter on the six years when his mother packed him off to the Jewish Orphan Society in Cleveland read as if those early memories had been dyed in a distillation of nineteenth-century orphanages. And when he describes his miseries as a hobo in 1919, the brutalities and sheer lunatic bad luck with which, for example, he thirstily fell upon what he took for a full keg of water in the Mojave Desert to find that he was drinking kerosene, or the blows of fate that rained down on him in Needles, California, you recognize how predestined and natural are his allusions to the Dead Sea, to Gehenna, to Gaza, and "the cinders and waste places of Jerusalem."

One of the most significant complaints in Dahlberg's book is his lamentation over the pitiless repetition of his experiences. He knows how little we can do to change ourselves; the brutal monotony of a single person's fears become for him the prison house in which all people live. At the end of his book he describes, against the background of his first disordered attempts to write, how his mother died in a New York slum. She had been cheated of all her hopes for a husband and protector, and when her son married and went away, she tried to keep death off by a conscious effort. Her son was away when she died; her body lay on a cot for five days before a neighbor found her. These last pages attain a beauty of truthfulness beyond anything I have read in recent American writing. The failure of Dahlberg's hopes speaks with eloquence to a society that has never been so prosperous or so afraid of poverty, failure, disease, unhappiness, anxiety, guilt. The book had to be written just now, when the times are more against Dahlberg than ever before. After so long a fight he looks better than he ever did: he writes better, he has more dignity, and he is more important to us all. «»

The Most Marvelous Party

SAREL EIMERL

MEMOIRS OF LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL: A STUDY IN FRIENDSHIP. **Edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy.** ***Knopf. $6.95.***

When literary-minded people bemoan the death of good talk, as we all do periodically, we are apt to throw in as corroborative evidence the fact that salons are a thing of the past. To expressions of such regret, the conventional response is a nostalgic sigh for the glittering days of old when young writers and worldly-wise diplomats exchanged their insights and epigrams under the benign eye of a Madame Récamier, a Lady Holland, or, forgetting the diplomats, a Gertrude Stein. Always, you observe, a woman. For every salon worth sighing over has been the creation of a hostess gifted, one assumes, with some rare and vital mixture of taste, tact, and the talent of drawing out her guests.

Before and after the First World War, Lady Ottoline Morrell was England's salonkeeper supreme. Around her there circled Henry James and Augustus John, Nijinsky and D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf and the other members of the Bloomsbury group, with stray romantic figures—Yeats, Winston Churchill, Conrad—making brief appearances. By any standards, Lady Ottoline was a remarkable woman. She had a Goyaesque face and a taste in clothes similar to that of Edith Sitwell. She was, this first of two projected volumes of her memoirs suggests, often affected, domineering, even silly. Still, she had the guts to break away from the mindless country routines of her ducal family—and promptly fell into an unsuccessful love affair with Dr. Axel Munthe, who rejected her on the grounds that he had enough nerve cases among his patients without adding a wife to the list. During the First World War, she displayed her courage again by protesting against war hysteria, and suffered the inevitable ostracism. She was passionately devoted to the arts and was among the first to appreciate the work of Augustus John, Jacob Epstein, and a whole slew of young writers.

ONE PLEASURE of reading a hostess's memoirs is their glimpses into the lives of the great. Lady Ottoline tells us, for instance, of Bertrand Russell "jumping up and down like a child, with an expression of surprised delight on his face at finding himself doing such an ordinary human thing as dancing." But the principal interest of the memoirs lies in the light they shed on Lady Ottoline herself, both as a hostess and as a woman. She wanted desperately to be a writer and settled for the role of hostess only as second best: ". . . it is only by work that one finds happiness," she observed. "I would turn from personal contacts and give it up if I didn't feel within me that my power of loving people was a sincere thing—in fact, the only

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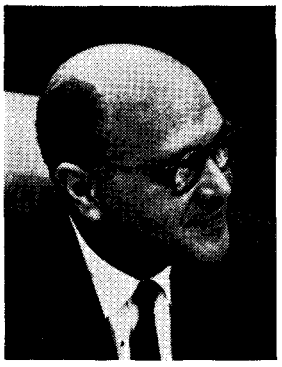
"Thumbing the pages of this book, the reader will find thoughtful essays on the Cold War and the economics of spending for defense; on consumers, the future of suburbia, the uses and abuses of leisure, the motor car complex... and the limits of conspicuous consumption." The book under discussion is ***David Riesman's*** ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? AND OTHER ESSAYS; the critic is Stuart Chase, in the *Saturday Review*, who calls the book a "king-sized collection . . . important not only for America, but for all high-energy societies . . ." Reviewers coast to coast echo Mr. Chase's enthusiasm. The *Washington Star* comments: "Riesman is one of our genuinely great social thinkers . . . ABUNDANCE FOR WHAT? penetrates more deeply into more crucial problems of both the present and the future than any other single recent volume. It is as close to the 'essential' as a book can be." $6.50



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touch of genius that I possess." But her genius, as much as that of any artist, was accompanied by an infinite worrying and taking of pains. Her Thursdays were a torment as well as a satisfaction. Frequently, when they were over, she agonized over whether she should have introduced A to B, reproaching herself that her failure to do so might have cost both A and B a lifelong friendship. But her involvement with her circle went far beyond the mere mechanics of hostessing. Henry James and Conrad gave her their confidences, and it was to her that Lytton Strachey and Bertrand Russell turned to pour out their troubles. And yet the sheer banality she frequently offers up as thought indicates that she wasn't particularly intelligent. It must have been her capacity to care about her friends that drew them around her. She gave them sympathy. She was, in effect, a second mother, and since artists often stand in urgent need of such, this suggests an explanation of why the great salonkeepers have always been women.

Lady Ottoline was a great organizer—of movements, of charities, and, no doubt, of lives. But her outward competence was lined within by a sense of despair and inadequacy. Though she claimed to have been happily married, she totally lacked any ability to enjoy herself. She was subject to frequent bouts of neurasthenia, and questionings and dissatisfactions occur with depressing regularity in her memoirs. The nature of these reflections and the perpetual debate pitting solitude, plus artistic experience, against involvement in "life" are the *Weltschmerz* of a teen-ager. There must have been a great deal of Young Werther to Lady Ottoline, except that instead of killing herself, she simply stayed rooted emotionally in her late teens. But at least she never declined into the weary skepticism that is typical of our own literary circles. Though her social position and her impassioned devotion to the arts were important contributory factors, it was probably her enthusiasm, so much more valuable to a hostess than intelligence, that did most to win Lady Ottoline her central place in a brilliant constellation of her intellectual superiors.

BOOK NOTES

HANDBOOK OF CONSUMER MOTIVATIONS, by Ernest Dichter. *McGraw-Hill. $10.*

If the unexamined life is not worth living, Americans have nothing to worry about. Here is Dr. Dichter to share with communications experts (the book is part of the McGraw-Hill marketing and advertising series) and just plain people his insights and what he calls "wonderment, and at the same time a more realistic appraisal of the creature, man, and his world." He looks into the psychology of soup—"a profoundly emotion-charged food"—and of cereal—it has to be warm, affectionate, and funny, and it has to have texture because breakfast is an adversary to be conquered. Gingerbread men represent cannibalism; chicken is feminine, steak is masculine, and oranges, of which there should be new annual models, are bisexual. Cream is exciting and asparagus downright dirty. Not only does food have its psychoanalytic implications, so do the handlers. The butcher in our society is "the primordial hunter, the real man . . . the only one who is allowed to flirt with the female." And if you think that's something, consider that the shoe salesman has to be father, brother, and lover combined, and that the gas attendant has to help the motorist "achieve a mature relationship with the gas station."

Our parlous times harbor all kinds of creeping menaces. Some of the excitement, Dr. Dichter says, seems to have gone out of candy. The enemy is the candy puritan who desexualizes sweets (they have to be chewed, squished, crunched, and—whisper the word he omits—sucked). He dreams of the day when chocolate will be restored to legitimacy—e.g., sprinkled on salads. Shock comes from seeing herring out of aspic; cigarette holders prolong the nose; and alienation means that you liked cocoa when you were a child but don't yearn for it now. Depth interviewing and free association on the part of his respondents lead Dr. Dichter to great truths: people are afraid of raisins. If they find them in their cookies, they are threatened by the unknown; if they are confronted by them in the box,

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they don't know how to fish them out. Rice is woman herself. Safety and security come from salami (so many slices can be cut from it). Sugar is a conflict product. And the lady adrift in all this trauma is meanwhile working out her philosophy of housekeeping. Will it be disciplinarian, anarchist, or humanist?

For the disturbed family, television is the knitter-together, and painting the house the tranquilizer. Sidewalk superintendents partake of a religious observance, but real peace of mind, such as religion cannot give, comes from being well dressed. Soap is the real surprise—we use it because it is pleasant to touch. And skiing is the shocker, a sort of defloration or "a raping of the virgin snow." Ski lessons are tantamount to taking a public course in sexual intercourse.

THE INEVITABLE AMERICANS, by John Greenway. *Knopf. $5.95.*

Mr. Greenway's message is that "It is about time someone spoke up for America, unpopular though this stand may be." Through anthropological observation, he aims to show that Americans are inevitable—as who is not? He begins and ends—though he denies this—on the defensive. For one thing, he takes umbrage at foreign criticism. Mrs. Trollope and Dickens did find fault with America, but they also praised it. Shaw hardly "made much of his good living lecturing Americans on their doltishness." And Swift wrote of Ireland, not America, in his famous recipe for stewed baby. Mr. Greenway dismisses the contemporary British for "their absurd standards of education," and defends the local brand even if its level frequently leaves something to be desired because it makes as much education as possible available to as many as possible. He is amazed at the difficult curriculum set by universities in Australia, and at the hardness of the professor there who says offhandedly that the students bloody well have to read the books. "Australia needs nothing so much as schools of business administration, except perhaps a revolution against England." America gives more degrees per capita, ergo America is better. Our standards in art are high, it seems, because teen-agers' comic books sometimes contain art "superior to the things that hang on the walls of approved Soviet galleries." Bigness is often the author's gauge of virtue. Even a high crime rate may be indicative of a high measure of civilization, and the TV quiz scandals are defended because most Americans—he says—would have taken the answers and the money.

Mr. Greenway is interesting and pertinent when he discusses status, conformity, and prestige as common to all societies; lively when he recapitulates material on the American health-food faddists; and naïve when he assumes himself not to be as bound by irrational belief as other people. Wildly digressive—"anthropology more than most academic disciplines allows its teachers to deviate from knowledge into wisdom"—he marshals long lists of social analysts to bolster his belief that we should relax and enjoy it.

BOTH SIDES OF THE OCEAN, by Viktor Nekrasov. Translated by Elias Kulukundis. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.50.*

"The direction of culture," Mr. Greenway says in the preceding book, "is rarely changed by the criticism of foreigners." Mr. Nekrasov is mild and amiable, and seems to have enjoyed most of his American as well as his Italian experiences. He was, in fact, attacked both by *Izvestia* and Khrushchev for "promoting peaceful coexistence in the field of ideology" when these essays appeared in *Novy Mir*. But how pleasant to find a Russian visitor so relaxed, so receptive to the pleasures of chance encounters and even sudden arguments. "Humor," he says, "is the best weapon against hostile people."

In New York, Nekrasov was prepared for the skyscrapers and the two-pound Sunday papers, but he soon realized that the Empire State Building comes after human communication: "Oh, for God's sake, let's see some people!" Still, he did find the glass and steel beautiful, he even sneaked out to see Elvis Presley in a movie and found him engaging, and if he balked at violence and wrestling on television, he remembered audiences languishing in boredom at the interminable lectures in the Soviet Union. Incidentally, all the Russian writers in the group suc-

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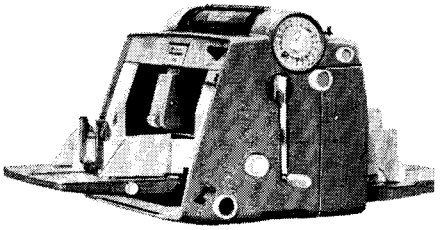

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cumbed to the commercials they complained about; even Nekrasov went out and bought Anacin, and he never has headaches. The Kennedy-Nixon battle struck him as funny; it was after all a case of two capitalists pitted against one another. Niagara Falls he found pathetic—all that power harnessed obediently for the benefit of tourists. Coca-Cola he enjoyed—so refreshing. "Why did we make fun of it?" He liked American movies, though it is startling to read of Marty as "that charming young American." Mostly, he was astonished by the Americans themselves: the young people dedicated to their own ambitions rather than to their country, he felt; the adults so friendly, so unphilosophic, and, under their surface informality, so hard to know. Here he laughs again at his compatriots as he remembers the stupor that settled over their hosts when one visitor "began to recite the latest figures on steel, pig iron, manganese, and coal production in the Ukraine."

A VANISHED WORLD, by Anne Gertrude Sneller. *Syracuse. $6.*

"A child once upon a time saw her elders at work in field and house and knew very well how food grown outdoors by the men was transferred indoors by the women and brought to the table." Once upon a time is the latter half of the nineteenth century in upstate New York, and the men and women are the members of Miss Sneller's family, whose history she recounts. She remembers the days when families were huge and often lived within a mile of one another, when homes had twenty rooms and butteries were filled with sprawling plenty, when dining rooms seated forty to eat that plenty. She remembers Aunt Elvie who was delicate and never expected to survive and managed to struggle through to ninety-six; and Uncle Alfred who peddled potatoes and who once, when a fast lady offered herself in trade, fled with his potatoes and told the others dreamily, "I guess she was what they call a trumpet." A gentle or at least a more protected time, when the blank and the slow and the innocent were more kindly encompassed than now, when faces still held the possibility of serenity, when people worked hard and even child labor was harnessed, at least within the household. Two weeks of hop-picking might yield the grand sum of $2.50, but then church suppers cost only a dime.

Women made their own soap and their own cheese and felt that illumination could go no further than the kerosene lamp. They never had to wonder what they would do on Tuesdays; they knew. Children loved the annual visit of the man with the bear—"It never crossed our minds that the bear was not as pleased to be dancing for us as we were to witness it." They practiced elocution, they found excitement in letters from Wyoming, where buffalo and Indians still roamed. In the schoolroom to which they went at four, there was a potbellied stove. During storms, they sang. Miss Sneller, early an individualist, subscribed to the private elegance of not drinking from the common dipper, but as she observes dryly, this "did not save me from the common cold or any of the other common ailments that went up and down the aisle with the dipper." She describes their games, their songs, their lovely meals, their neighbors (the shopkeeper's wife who "wished to speak genteelly, and the sound of bootiful gratified her ears"). Church concerts at which even the scared and the stupid performed, strawberry festivals, and summer picnics shunned by the pious because there was an Open Bar Openly Arrived At. She writes eloquently and warmly, without sentimentality, with a wit that is neat and spare. This is Miss Sneller's first book, and she is eighty.

—NORA MAGID

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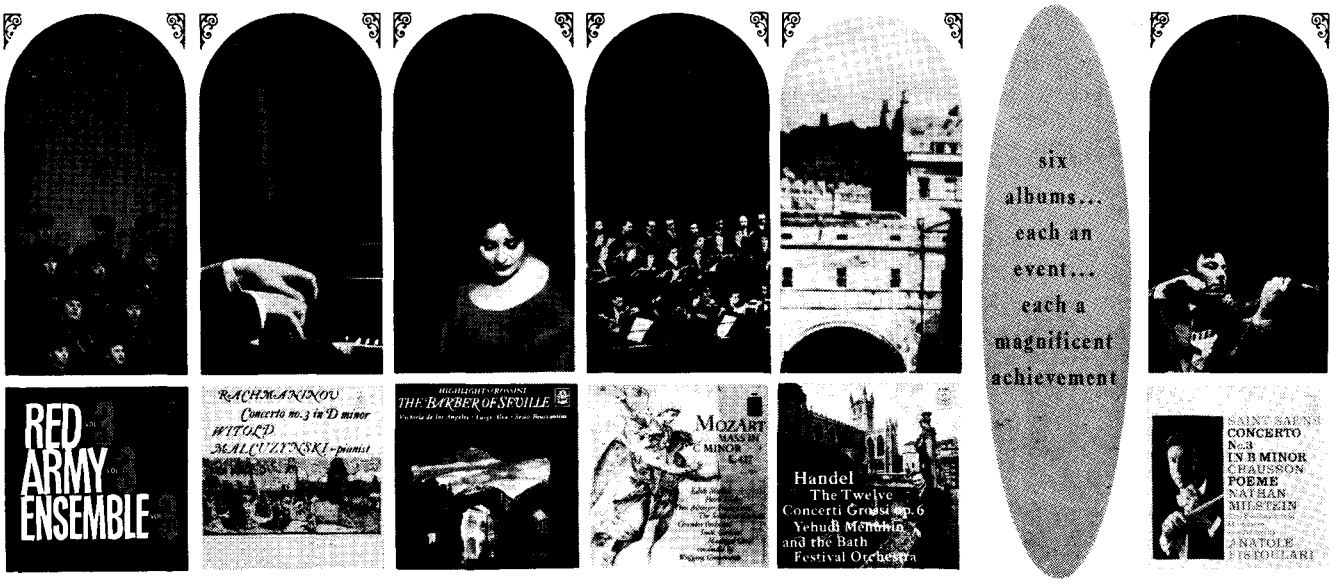

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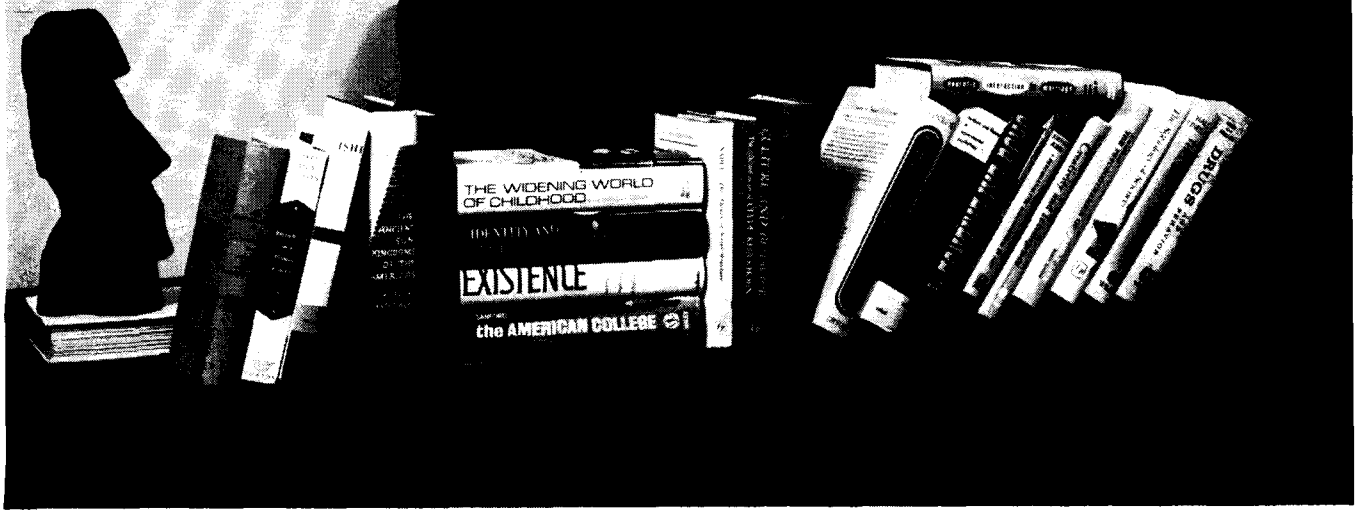

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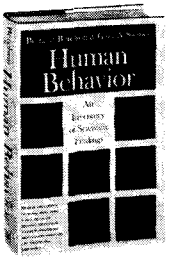

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